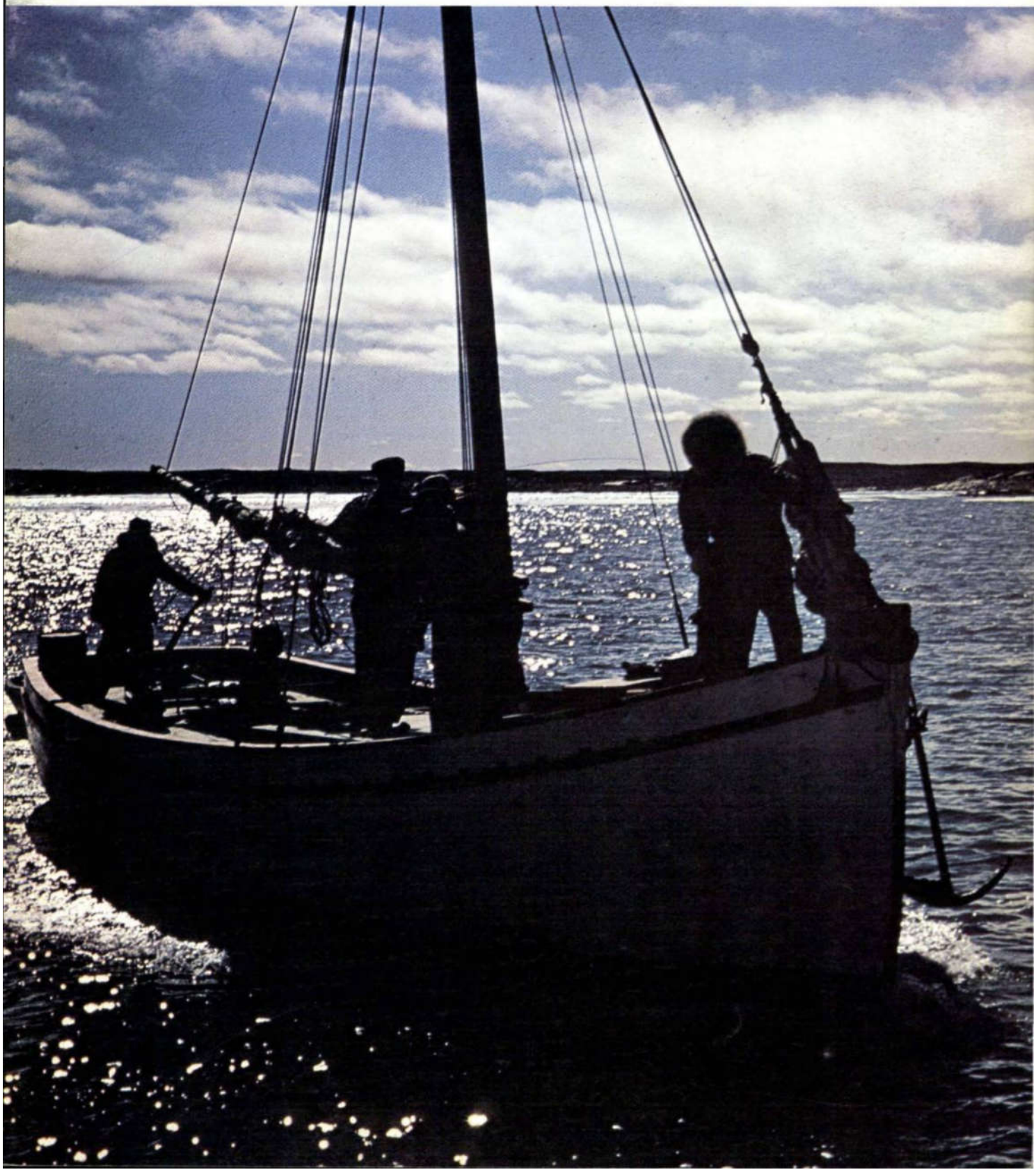
The Beaver

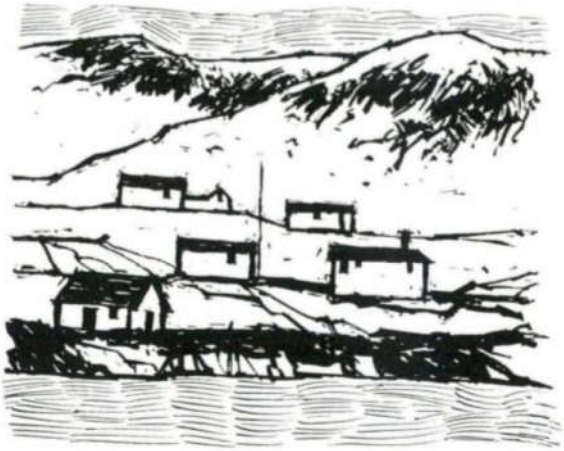
SUMMER 1971



from sea to sea...

across the span

of three centuries



OURS IS A TRADITION OF SERVICE TO CANADIANS

Hudson's Bay Company

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

The Beaver

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

Editor: Malvina Bolus, SM

SUMMER 1971

OUTFIT 302:1

$3 A YEAR

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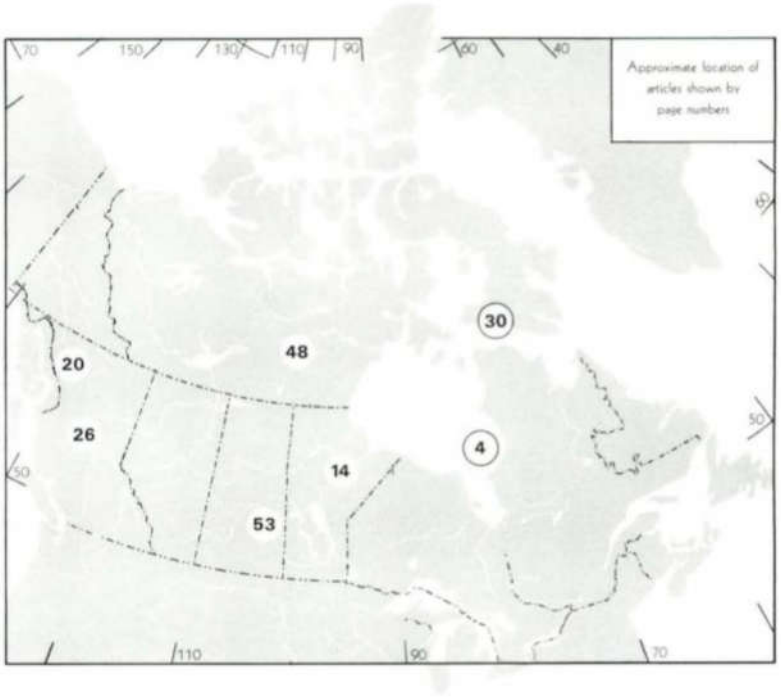

COVER Peterhead boat at Cape Dorset by A. R. Pedersen.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY

HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE

Hudson's Bay Company

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

WINNIPEG 1, CANADA

Published by The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay, known as the Hudson's Bay Company. The interests of THE BEAVER cover the territory with which the Company has been or is now associated. Annual subscription, $3; three years for $8; single copy, 75 cents. While every care will be taken of manuscripts and illustrations submitted, no liability will be assumed for loss. Contents copyright. Printed in Canada.

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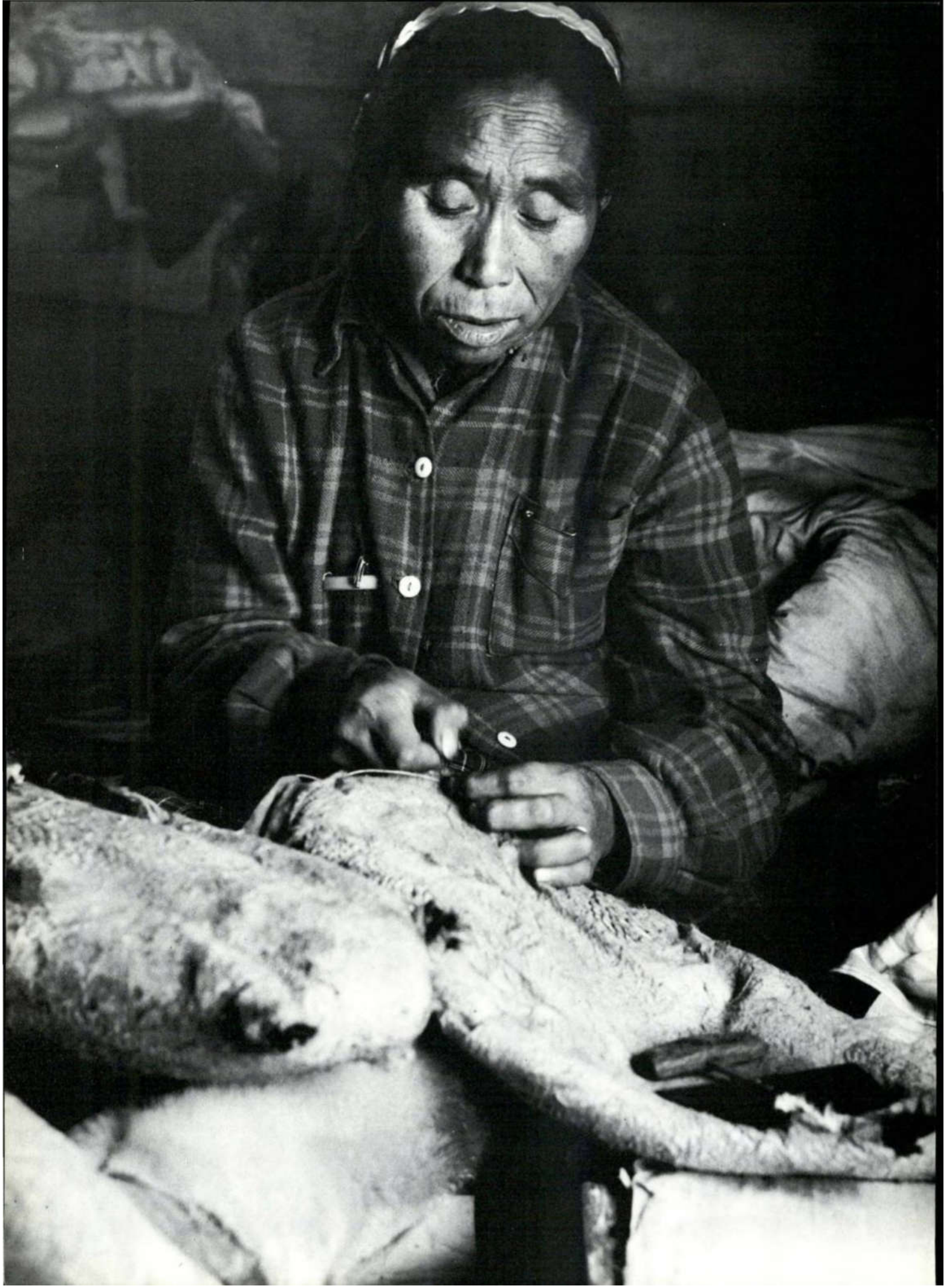


Opposite: At home, Sarah Empuk sews, sinew thread and her other materials kept in a loonskin bag.

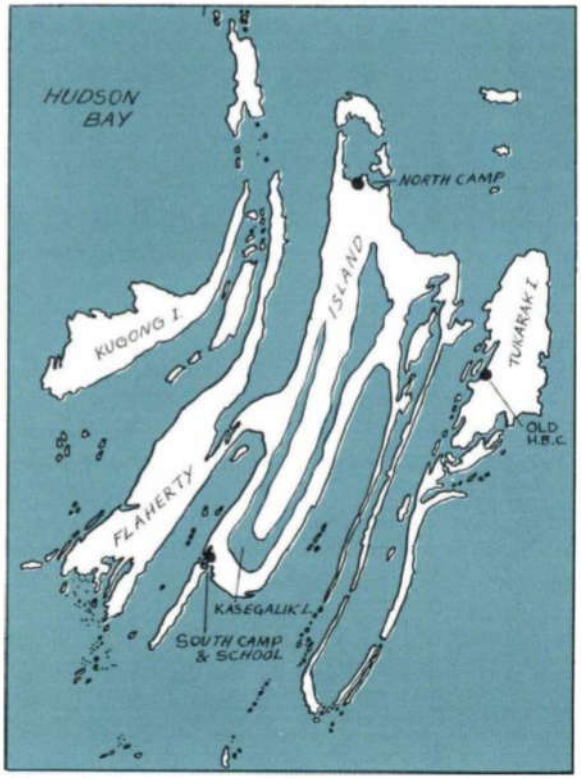
Story and photographs by FRED BRUEMMER

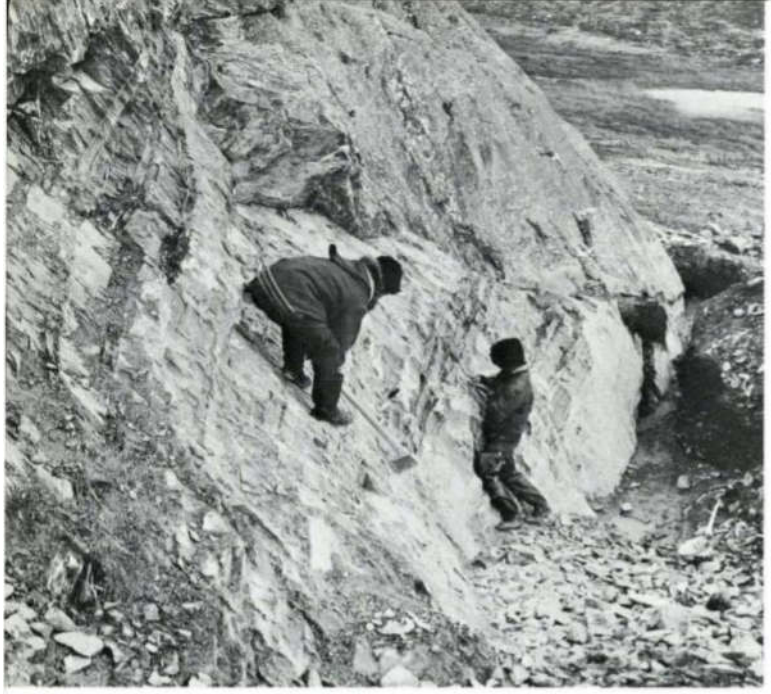
THE BELCHER ISLANDS

IN THE LATE FALL OF 1954 on Cape Hope Island in James Bay, I met my first Eskimo, a wizened but wiry man, with an unruly shock of white hair and the wisdom of a century-long life shining from his twinkling, alert eyes. Sixty years earlier, George Wetaltuk, a native of the Belcher Islands, had piloted the great sailing ships of the Hudson's Bay Company with trade goods from England to the James Bay warehousing centre on Charlton Island. It was there, in 1910 when he was already known as 'Old Man Wetaltuk', that Robert Flaherty, who later gained fame for his documentary films, met him.

Wetaltuk told him about the Belcher Islands, drew a map from memory which, although he had been away from the islands for nearly a quarter century, Flaherty later found 'remarkably accurate', and the young explorer watched and listened in amazement. Wetaltuk spoke of big islands.

The 1910 admiralty chart showed the North and South Belchers as a spattering of islets. After several unsuccessful tries, Flaherty reached the Belchers with his schooner *Laddie* in 1914. Wetaltuk, he found, had been right. The weirdly contorted islands, gaunt rock ribs rising from the dark sea like some harrowing geological fever graph, covered 5,000 square miles, five times the size of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. Yet until Flaherty visited and mapped them, they were practically unknown.





Lucassie Kittosuk and Alec Empuk cut soapstone from a thick vein set in harder rock on Tukarak Island.

Even the origin of their name is in doubt. The common assumption that they were named after Sir Edward Belcher, of Franklin search fame, is somewhat faulty, since they were called Belcher Islands long before Sir Edward was born. They were probably named after Captain James Belcher, who was employed by the Hudson's Bay Company in the early 1700s.

According to Belcher Island Eskimo lore, their ancestors came from the Ungava Bay region about 200 to 300 years ago 'at a time when there were already white traders in Hudson Bay'. They crossed the peninsula, hunting caribou, and arrived in spring in the vicinity of Great Whale River. Indians attacked them, the survivors fled to sea, and reached eventually the Belcher Islands. There were probably Thule culture Eskimos living on the islands then (the Belchers are rich in Thule culture camp sites), and it seems likely the newcomers intermixed with them, since the dialect they now speak differs considerably from that of eastern Hudson Bay and Hudson Strait. 'They speak like children,' say the mainlanders, with just a touch of condescension.

After trading posts had been established on the mainland (Richmond Gulf, 1750, Little Whale River, 1793, and Great Whale River, 1813) the Kikertarmiut (the people of the islands) arrived each year to exchange furs for guns, ammunition, tea and tobacco. In most winters, an ice bridge links the islands to the mainland for about six weeks, and some of the most venturesome islanders made the hundred mile trip even in summer, paddling their frail kayaks through this notoriously storm-tossed sea. As late as 1948, four men from the Belchers paddled to Richmond Gulf, nearly 200 miles away. It took them four days and three nights. At night they lashed their kayaks together and used sealskin bags as sea anchors.

As a home, the bleak, barren, wind-swept islands seem rather uninviting. Flaherty's report reads like a weatherman's nightmare. 'From October till early December winds . . . of up to 50 miles an hour were almost constant.' The average January temperature was 16 below, with winds of up to 70 miles an hour; 'calm days were unknown'. February was as bad, and summer doesn't sound cheerful either: '[from] mid-June to late fall exceedingly heavy gales . . . occurred in every week.' Plus rain. Plus fog. 'Days of sunshine were rare.'

But the islands were (and are) rich in game. White whale cavorted among the islands in large pods; to the north, walrus were common; ringed seal and bearded seal were immensely numerous and in the great, 43-mile long Kasegalik Lake (seal lake) lived fresh-water harbour seal. Eider ducks by tens of thousands nested on islets and skerries, and near the islands' myriad lakes Canada geese brooded their eggs. Many of these geese have passed the winter and have been banded at the famous Jack Miner bird sanctuary near Kingsville, Ontario. When the American naturalist Arthur C. Twomey visited the Belcher Islands in 1938, 'the Eskimos grew fancy with long necklaces of the bird-bands'—which must have frustrated many bird-banders.

In addition, the lakes were rich with char and, in fall, the sloughs and vales were carpeted with cloudberries and cranberries. Given this natural wealth, it is not surprising that few islanders emigrated. Instead, mainland Eskimos immigrated. In 1954, of 184 people on the islands, 161 were islanders of long standing, four had come recently from Great Whale River and twenty from Port Harrison.

One essential ingredient of Eskimo happiness, though, was missing. There were no caribou on the islands. According to the islanders, caribou had once been common. Then, probably in the 1880s, came a winter of heavy snow. The valleys and dells between the bare rock ridges were covered with a man-high layer of snow. In March it turned mild and rains poured down, turning the snow into waterlogged mush. Suddenly the wind veered to the north, the temperature dropped abruptly, the wet snow froze and the islands were enveloped for weeks in a glittering, hard carapace of ice. The caribou scraped and scratched in vain. They could not reach the lichen below this icy mantle, and all perished. In 1915, during his second trip to the Belchers, Flaherty showed films he had taken in southern Baffin Island. The Eskimos were entranced. 'The deer especially ("Tooktoo!" they cried), mythical to all but the oldest of them, held them spellbound.'

Thus the Belcher Island Eskimos lacked two items usually considered vital to survival in most areas of the Arctic: caribou sinew for thread, and caribou pelts for winter clothes and sleeping robes. (Sealskin clothes are fine for summer, but not warm enough in winter; arctic fox and arctic hare skins tear easily and their downy fur mats.) But the ingenious Eskimos solved the problem. Sinew they imported from the mainland (today they buy

it at the Hudson's Bay Company store) and their winter clothes they made of eider duck skins. It takes twenty to twenty-five bird skins to make a *mitvin* (from *miterk*—eider duck), an eider duck parka. Hood and cuffs are trimmed with dog or fox fur and this odd-looking garment is as warm as a caribou parka, though not as lasting. If worn steadily, a mitvin is good for one winter and part of the summer. By fall both ducks and men are moulting.

To take maximum advantage of game resources, the Islanders (the population has fluctuated in the past seventy years between 150 and 200, and is about 180 at present) lived in widely scattered camps: in winter in igloos warmed by kudliks (seal oil lamps), in summer in sealskin tents or low, hovel-like sod huts.

With so much water in between and all around their islands (and open, thanks to currents and storms, for about eight months of the year) the Belchers Islanders, like the far-away Aleuts whom they in some ways resemble, were to the kayak born. 'Their daring as kayakers surpasses that of any other Eskimos of my acquaintance,' wrote Flaherty. Originally they used a one-man kayak. About 1860 the two-hole kayak (similar to, but obviously not influenced by the two-man Aleut kayak) came into vogue, lasted about two generations, and fell from favour again at the turn of the century. When Dr Milton Freeman, now at Memorial University of Newfoundland, lived on the Belcher Islands (1959 to 1961) all the hunters, except two, used kayaks. Now the ubiquitous motor-driven canoe has replaced them.

South Camp (below) with school and hostel at right and, above, one of the homes where ages meet has kayak and radio aerial, sealskin thong stretching on frame and oil drum connected to inside stove.

Only three covered kayaks are left on the islands (the last in Canada), and they are mainly used in winter to retrieve seal shot from the floe edge. In Flaherty's days, kayaks were even used to haul cargo. The Eskimos helped to unload the *Laddie* using 'kayaks catamaraned'.

Though game was plentiful, life was risky and hard. Kayak hunting in these treacherous waters took a heavy toll. In 1938, Twomey found that 'almost a third of the native women on the Belcher Islands are already widows'. The Hudson's Bay Company had opened an outpost near the south tip of Flaherty Island in 1928. In 1933, its status was raised to post, and the buildings were shifted to Tukarak Island, to the spot where Flaherty lived one year. The islanders trapped perhaps more assiduously than before, became more dependent on white man's goods, but on the whole, one gathers from Twomey in 1938, their pattern of life changed little. They lived at the edge of the world: they knew little about the rest of the world, and the world knew nothing of them.

Then, suddenly, horribly, the Belcher Islands and the Belcher Islanders were in the headlines.

From the Toronto *Star*, 1941: April 18—MYSTIC LURES SIX TO FREEZE NAKED IN STORM. April 21—STAR FALLING IN ARCTIC SKY IS SIGNAL FOR NINE MURDERS. August 5—ARTIC TENT TO BE COURT FOR ARCTIC MURDER TRIAL. August 20—JURY ACQUITS TWO ESKIMOS OF MURDERING GIRL 'SATAN'. August 22—CONGREGATION GAVE ESKIMO BULLET TO SHOOT 'SATAN'. August 29—THIS TIME ESKIMOS REALIZE JAIL IS 'MANY SLEEPS' AWAY.

Perhaps the late Diamond Jenness had visions of the possibility of such a tragedy when he wrote in 1928: 'Hysteria is peculiarly common around the Polar basin; the long winter darkness and the loneliness and silence of the hunter's life made the Arctic people more susceptible to this disorder than the rest of the human race. So religion and hysteria went closely hand in hand.'

Religion and hysteria. Missionaries had been to the Belchers on a few occasions. They left behind Bibles and prayer books in syllabics, and some murky notions of Christianity, which became muddled in the Eskimo mind with their ancient shamanistic beliefs. One of these beliefs was that spirits could become corporeal. They could enter a man, and from that instant he ceased to be himself, and became the spirit incarnate. From this belief to the idea that Christ in His Second Coming would be incarnated in an Eskimo was but one step, and our own

Fishing for sculpin.

history is replete with examples that a messianic message believed by some and unbelieved by others can lead to murder, and to war.

The winter 1940-41 was hard in the Belcher Islands. Autumn had been stormier than usual and the men had not been able to hunt. Seals were scarce. The spectre of famine stalked the land. In their igloos, poorly heated because they lacked seal oil for the lamps, the men had plenty of time to brood. Keytowieack, the 47-year-old catechist, read sections from the New Testament.

The coming of Christ. The idea fascinated Charlie Ouyerack. Christ, all-powerful, the man of miracles.

When Ouyerack was a boy his father had been murdered. As he grew into a man, his need for self-assertion and power led him to seek command over spirits while in a state of trance. Now he brooded about Christ. And one night, while Keytowieack was reading from the Bible, the revelation came. 'I am Jesus!' Ouyerack shouted. He rushed out of the igloo into the star-glittering night, the horizon aglow with the silent flames of northern lights. 'I am Jesus!' Ouyerack shouted again. 'His spirit has entered into me' and in that instant, as he threw his hands ecstatically heavenward, a meteor streaked through the sky, trailing fire. 'It is a sign!' the people muttered in solemn awe.

When Peter Sala returned to camp next morning from a long hunt, he found his people in an advanced stage of mystic ecstasy. Sala was one of the islands' best hunters, a strong, resourceful, courageous man. He had been Twomey's guide in 1938. When caught in a storm and deadly cross-currents, Sala steered the boat and the white men relied on 'Peter like trusting children . . . Few admirations I ever had equal my regard for Peter Sala as I saw him in those moments', Twomey wrote.

Now Sala was tired and hungry. The sudden wave of hysteria engulfed him. 'You are God!' Ouyerack shouted. 'You are God!' the people beseeched. Sala hesitated, confused and frightened. But to him, too, revelation came. 'Yes, I am God!' he said, and the people believed and were happy, and chanted and prayed.

One person did not believe, Sarah, a 15-year-old girl, and she said so, and abruptly happy hysteria changed into hideous hate. 'She is Satan,' Ouyerack screamed, and they kicked her and beat her. 'I believe,' the girl whimpered, but it was too late. Two women dragged her out of the igloo and bludgeoned her to death. 'We have killed the Devil,' Ouyerack said.

Keytowieack, too, did not believe in earthly gods, but he believed in his own imminent death. Fatalistically he went to his igloo and waited. Next day, Sala broke the ice window and threw his harpoon at Keytowieack. It pierced his sleeve. The old man sat motionless. 'I am God!' Sala shouted, turned to Adlaykok standing near him and commanded 'Shoot him!' The bullet ripped through Keytowieack's shoulder. He reeled but remained silent. 'I have no more bullets,' Adlaykok said. 'Jesus will give

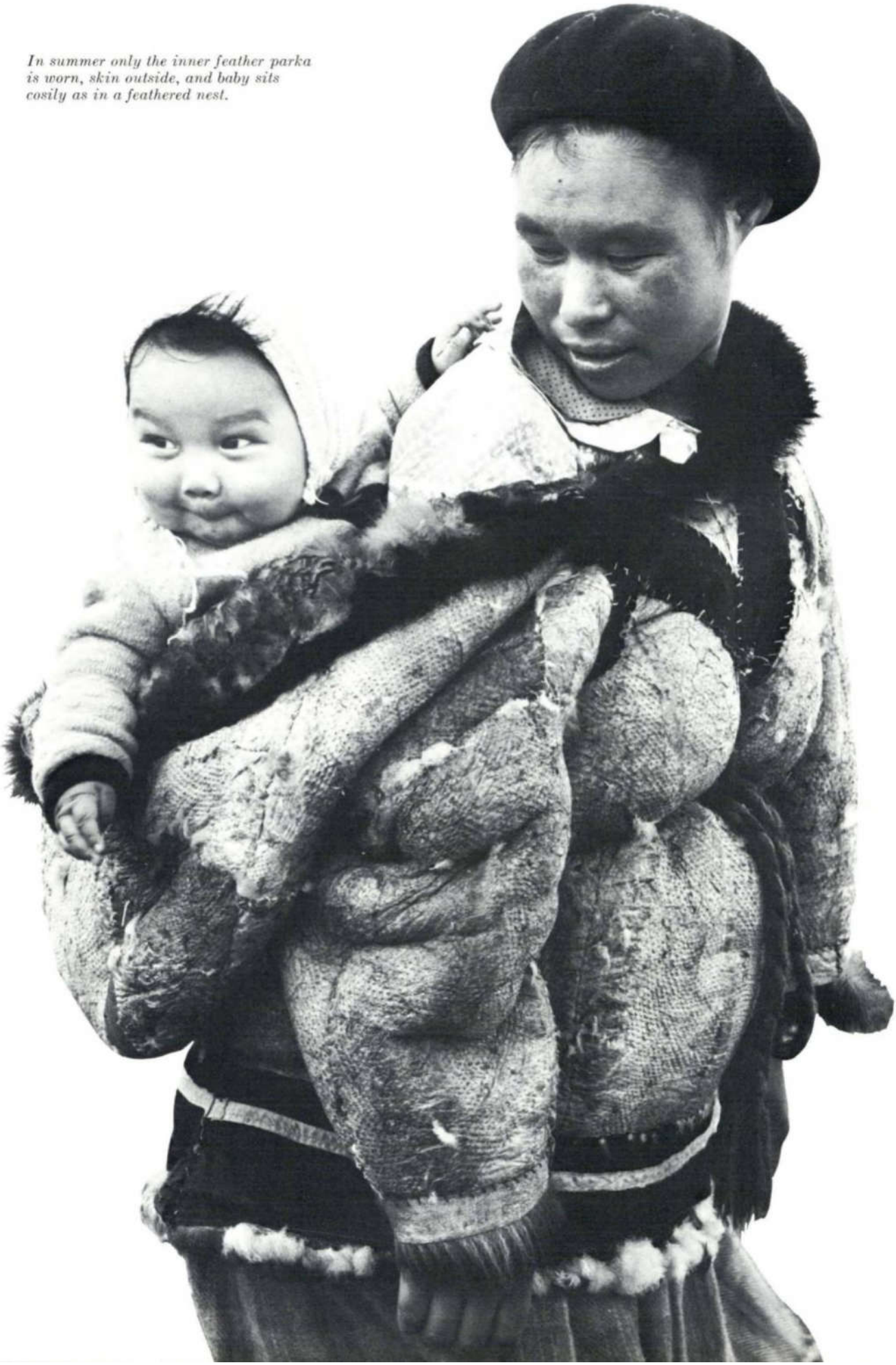
Cleaning a great wooden meat dish, and seal-oil lamp.

Louisa Empuk and her baby at North Camp.

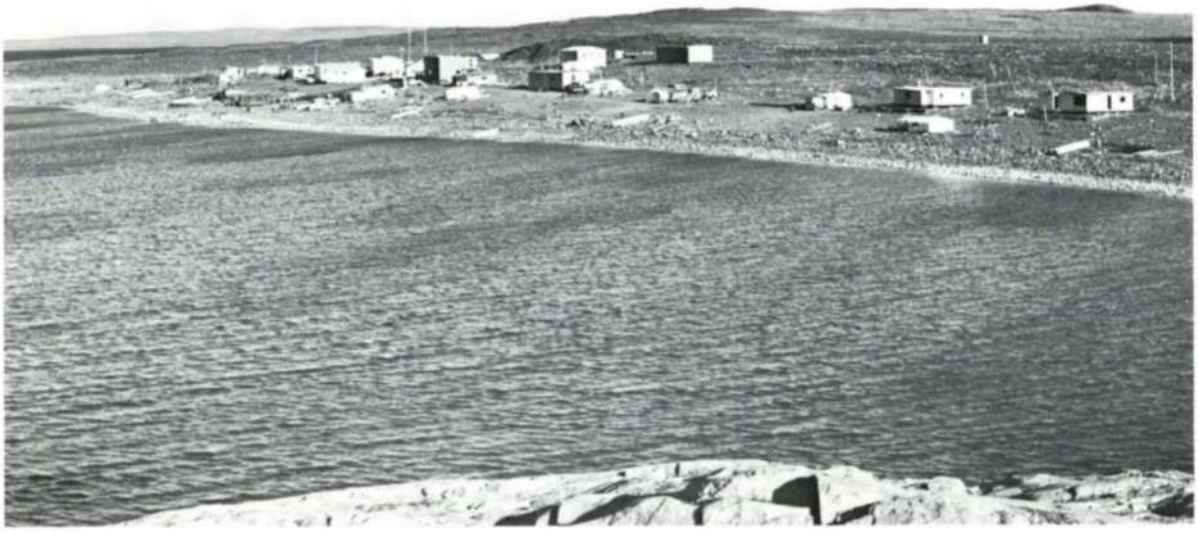
Ancient stone fox traps called 'pudlati' are common; this one, examined by Lucassie Kittosuk, is on Tukarak Island.

The eider duck parka or 'mitvin' is as warm as a caribou parka but weighs about twice as much.

In summer only the inner feather parka is worn, skin outside, and baby sits cosily as in a feathered nest.



Lucassie Kittosuk paddles his kayak, one of the few built in recent years, in the bay near North Camp, shown below as it was in 1968. Three-bedroom houses have replaced tents and small cabins and a school is being built as this becomes the main settlement.



you one,' said Sala, and Adlaykok went to Ouyerack, got a bullet, and shot Keytowieack through the head.

A month later, in February at another camp, Quarack, a famous hunter, fell under Ouyerack's spell and, at his command, shot another unbeliever, his son-in-law, Alec Keytowieack, son of the killed catechist.

Word of the murders reached Ernest Riddell, Hudson's Bay Company manager on the Belchers and on March 13 he sent a wireless message to his head office in Winnipeg: 'Three murders have been committed on Belcher Islands. Advise immediate police investigation'. The message was instantly relayed to the RCMP, but before the police could take action, tragedy reached its climax on the Belchers.

Sala was away. Quarack was hunting. Ouyerack was at another camp. Mina, Sala's sister, a powerful, brooding woman had lived with Ouyerack after he became Jesus. Now he had left her. On March 29, her repressed fury broke forth in screaming hysteria. 'Jesus is coming! Jesus is coming!' she yelled. 'We must go on the ice to meet him' and she pulled and pushed the women and children of the camp far out onto the sea ice to await His coming. 'Take your clothes off!' she commanded. 'We cannot meet Jesus with our clothes on!' and when the others hesitated, she clawed and ripped the clothes off the women and children. As the children cried in fear and pain, the now completely deranged woman ran around the naked group, screaming: 'Jesus is coming!'

When Sala returned, he found his two sons had frozen to death, also his mother, another woman, and two more children.

The trial was held in mid-August. The RCMP had set up a huge tent. Above the judge's bench, a table covered with a flag, hung the portrait of the King and Queen. Mr Justice C. P. Plaxton in wig and gown presided, flanked by black-gowned lawyers from Ottawa and RCMP officers in scarlet tunics. On benches and on the floor sat the more than fifty Eskimo witnesses in eider parkas, like great man-birds, perturbed and puzzled by this weird panoply of white man's power.

The jury, composed mainly of prospectors brought over from the mainland, found the persons who had killed Sarah 'not guilty, on account of temporary insanity'. Mina, who had to be carried into the court on a stretcher, was declared insane. Ouyerack, Quarack and Sala were each sentenced to two years hard labour, to be served at

the RCMP station at Moose Factory. And they were exiled, in perpetuity, from the Belcher Islands. Ouyerack had said, when asked by the judge whether he didn't realize he couldn't possibly be Christ, 'Yes, but I did not remember. I was too happy at being Jesus.' He died after one year at Moose Factory. The official reason was tuberculosis. But the tests were negative. The Eskimos on the Belchers believed the man who thought he was Jesus, had willed himself to die.

For thirteen years after this tragic brush with an alien world, the Belchers lapsed into silence and obscurity. Then, in 1954, came a sudden flurry of activity. Flaherty already had reported large deposits of iron-rich haematite. Now drilling crews of the Belcher Mining Corporation came to probe the extent of the ore bodies.

They hired Eskimos, and the average annual family income of the islanders shot up from about $125 in 1953 to more than $500 in 1954. The government brought in a development officer to promote carving. The ancient order of scattered camps and individualistic hunters quickly disintegrated. Camps coalesced and houses were shipped in. The people congregated in two camps, the South Camp inhabited by the Ilisaimiut—'the people who live where the school is', and the North Camp of the Kompanikumiut 'the people who live where the company (the Hudson's Bay Company) is'. In 1961 the trading store had been moved to the northern end of Flaherty Island and in 1971 the government decided that for administrative purposes it would be better to have one settlement than two, so school and offices are being moved to the North Camp site.

The development of the islands' iron ore hangs in abeyance. (A 1960 Geological Survey of Canada report states: 'Most of the Kipalee iron-formation is rather lean . . . and probably could not be easily beneficiated'.) A couple of Eskimos from South Camp work as guides at a tourist fishing lodge in summer. The other men hunt, or carve beautifully-worked sculptures from the islands' distinctive, nearly jade-green soapstone. The islands are still rich in game and the men are good hunters. Most live in modern, three-bedroom government houses now.

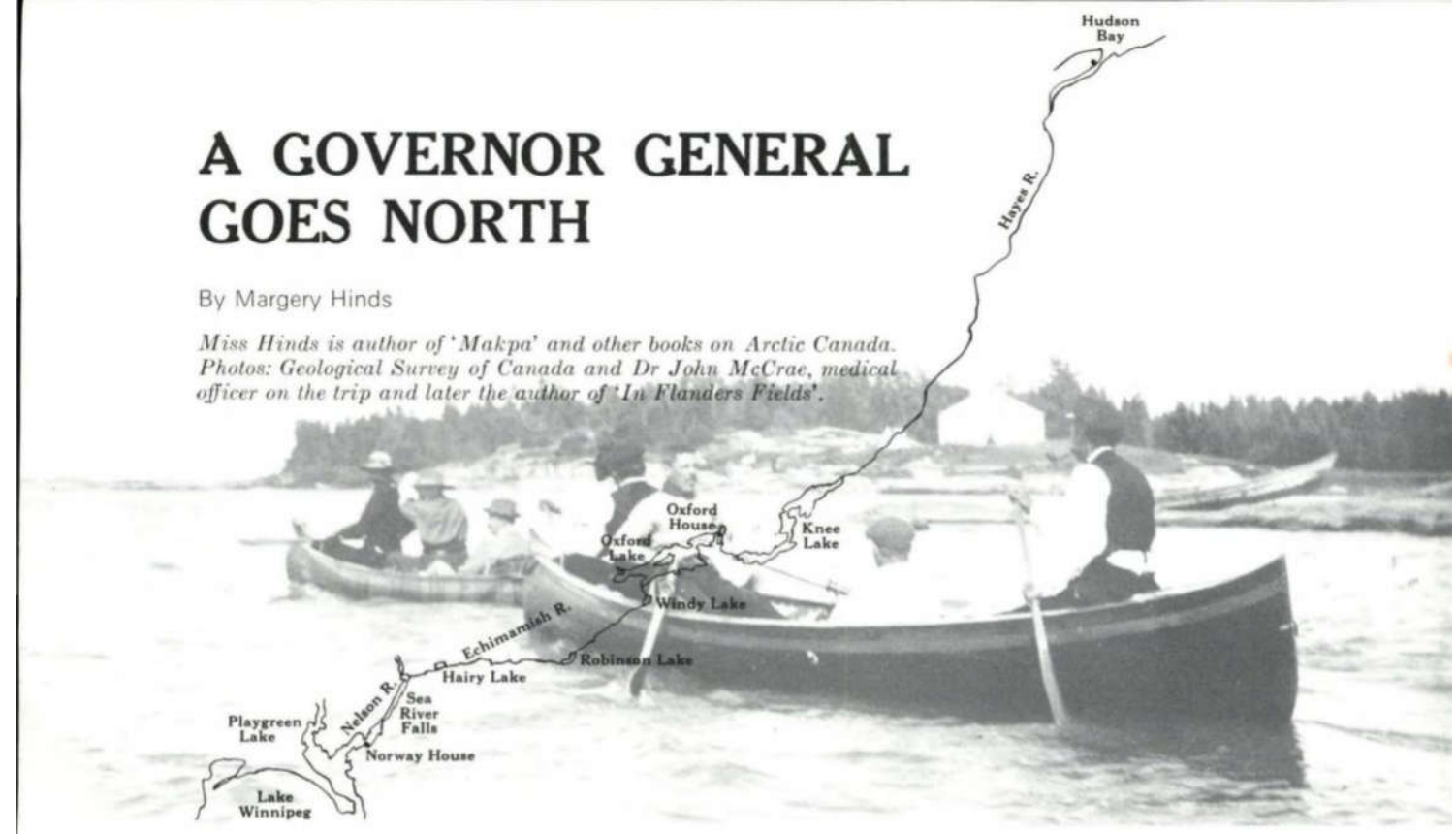
Yet somehow this long-isolated people live tenuously between the past and the future. Perhaps it was symptomatic that when the North Camp's community council was formed, the people elected an 18-year-old boy, Lucassie Kittosuk as their leader. His grandfather, also called Lucassie Kittosuk, is the last of the North Camp hunters to use a kayak. ◆

In the Hudson's Bay Company store, the manager buys carvings from a North Camp woman.

A GOVERNOR GENERAL GOES NORTH

By Margery Hinds

Miss Hinds is author of 'Makpa' and other books on Arctic Canada. Photos: Geological Survey of Canada and Dr John McCrae, medical officer on the trip and later the author of 'In Flanders Fields'.



The party leaves Norway House.

GOVERNOR GENERAL EARL GREY had already been to many parts of Canada when, in 1910, he decided to visit Hudson Bay. Besides wishing to 'explode the theory of the frozen north' and to emphasize that Hudson Bay is part of Canada—a fact disputed by Americans who hoisted the Stars and Stripes on isolated parts of Canadian territory—there was need to select a site for a port at the terminus of the recently surveyed route for a railway.

Arrangements for His Excellency's expedition were made by the R.N.W.M.P. with the co-operation of the Hudson's Bay Company. The main planning was done by a man with much first-hand experience in the region, Major J. D. Moodie, Superintendent, Commanding 'A' Division, who was brought down from Hudson Bay in April and 'had the misfortune to be held up on the way for thirty-eight days with snow and ice.'

At last, Major Moodie's task was finished, or so he thought, and the members of the expedition made their way to Norway House at the head of Lake Winnipeg. His Excellency was accompanied from Ottawa by Lady Grey, Lady Evelyn Grey and a lady's maid, who, with Captain Bingham, aide-de-camp, were to leave for Banff as soon as the voyageurs were on their way.

Norway House had long been superseded by Fort Garry as the main depot of the Hudson's Bay Company in Canada but it still had its fortified appearance, its palisades and its neatly kept quadrangle of white, red-roofed houses. Nearby were numerous huts of Indians some of whom had manned the great, long-oared York boats, for goods from England up to the mid 1870s were shipped through Hudson Bay and up the Hayes and Nelson Rivers. The Selkirk Settlers had followed the same route in 1812. Now, in reverse order, it was the way by which, for the first time, a Governor General of Canada was to visit Hudson Bay.

A great welcome marked His Excellency's arrival at Norway House on August 6th—flags and decorations, a message of welcome in Cree syllabics over the gateway to the courtyard, and a deafening fusillade from Indians assembled in full force. Unfortunately, rain and high winds during the two days' stay caused the cancellation of much of the planned program of entertainment which included York boat races, canoe races, and games of cricket and lawn tennis. The weather also prevented Indians coming from the reserves for the feast.

In a letter which Earl Grey wrote to the Prime Minister, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, on Hudson's Bay Company stationery, and dated August 7th, he said 'I shall not start in my canoes until wind and rain moderate . . . However, as it is not a pleasure trip, but a trip undertaken in the hope that it may expedite the realisation of your desires to transport the wheat of the N.W. via Hudson Bay to England, these little inconveniences do not matter if only the object of the expedition is attained.'

Major Moodie was fully occupied during the two days of bad weather. Not only did he have to hire oarsmen, but the vice-regal party was so much bigger than anticipated that three more canoes and extra supplies were needed.

Fortunately, canoes could be borrowed from the Norway House detachment of the R.N.W.M.P., and supplies purchased from the Company.

In all, thirty-eight men were to make the journey to York Factory. Included in the Governor General's party were George Grey, a cousin of His Excellency; Major Trotter, aide-de-camp; Professor MacNaughton of McGill University; L. S. Amery of the London *Times*; Professor R. W. Brock, director of the Geological Survey of Canada; Dr John McCrae; Major J. D. Moodie; Sergeant Nicholls; Constables McDiarmid and Withers; Special Constable Collins, cook; and two men servants. Of the boat crews, described as 'Indians and Breeds', fourteen were engaged to go to York Factory and home via Oxford House at $2.50 a day for twenty-nine days. These were Thomas, Edward and John Mooneas, Phillip Osbourne, Amos Robinson, James Sinclair, Albert Saunders, Thomas Farmer, Alex Halcrow, Frederick and John York, James Meswagen, Percy Walker and Isaac Fletcher. The others were to go to York Factory and back to Norway House via Split Lake. This group included Thomas Carson, guide and interpreter who was paid $3.50 a day, and Jimmuck Neckaway, Thomas Menow, William Anderson, Charles Wesley, Charles Saunders, James Painter, James Vagg and James Mackay, all of whom received the regular wage of $2.50 a day, for thirty-seven days. The events of the journey were described by Major Moodie in his report to his Commissioner, the source of the quotations in this account.

The weather improved during the morning of August 8th and by the time the flotilla was ready to depart at 2.50 p.m. crowds of Indians had assembled on the banks. Such a sight had not been seen at Norway House since the days of the magnificent Sir George Simpson.

On the water were 'twelve beautiful, freshly varnished and painted canoes, oars and paddles glancing in the bright sunshine, amid cheers and fusillades'. Each canoe carried a crew of two Indians and baggage, and seven of them also had two passengers. All the canoes were provided with sculls as well as paddles. 'Every canoe had besides, a sail of which it is the standing good wish bestowed upon departing crews that they may have occasion to make frequent use.'

Portage at Sea River Falls.

Camp the first night with the flag flying over His Excellency's quarters.

Professor MacNaughton in repose. (Right) Robinson's portage where canoes and baggage were moved over the H B C's wooden tramway.

His Excellency took the lead and set the pace in a light cedar canoe seventeen feet long. With him was Professor Brock. His crew were Thomas Carson, at the bow and in command of the whole company of Indians, and Isaac Fletcher in the stern. Isaac also acted as guide, and was 'the most dignified and courtly personage as well as the most expert steersman of all the men'. The eleven other Peterborough canoes were about twenty feet long and made of basswood.

Although the weather was now fine, the first part of the canoe journey to York Factory, across Little Playgreen Lake, was hard going as the water was still rough. But after about five miles they entered smoother water in the eastern branch of the Nelson River. Some four miles farther on they came to 'a beautiful rocky promontory opposite an unusually well wooded shore lying in the evening light and soon in the soft glow of a fine sunset'. Here, two and three-quarters hours after leaving Norway House, they stopped. 'The Indians quickly made camp after bringing in plenty of firewood, but on this single occasion they did not set up tents, the ground being so good and the weather so fine . . . The party bathed in the river and sat smoking cigarettes and looking at the sunset until the evening meal was ready.'

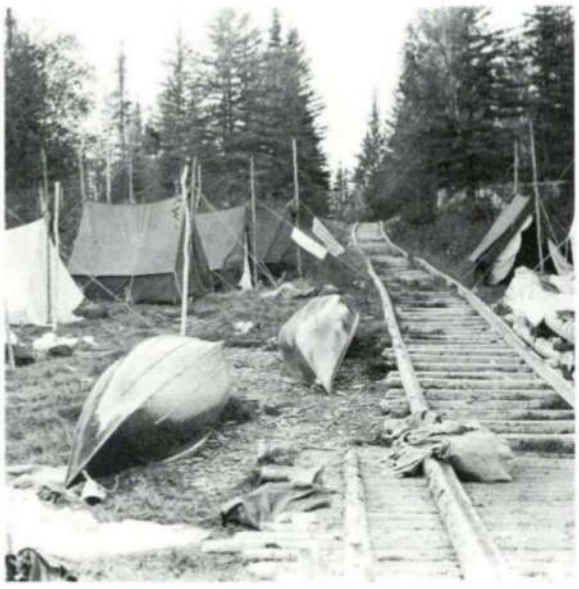
Special Constable Collins, 'deserves the highest praise for the way in which he performed his duties as cook. He had a large party to provide for, but there was never a hitch from first to last and the way in which he provided meals I have never seen beaten, and seldom equalled in a moving camp.'

The Indians had a camp fire of their own, a short distance from that of the Governor General's party. After dinner 'could be heard the hymn of their evening prayers arising from the circle around the smoke and flames. They were all good Methodists and never missed their prayers, one or the other of their number always leading their devotions.'

Next morning, camp was roused at four o'clock. Breakfast was at five, and by five-thirty the day's journey began. At eight o'clock they came to Sea Falls where there is a portage—only about thirty yards over a flat rock. Even so, a glance at the long lists of supplies and baggage taken on this trip gives an idea of the amount of unloading, and the burdens to be carried at every portage.

By 9.30 a.m. they were on their way again, and reached the mouth of Echimamish River at 1.10 p.m. Here they stopped 'for the purpose of boiling the kettle, as it is called. The Indians invariably make very strong tea and take a supply with them on board to drink cold. . . .'

Besides the two regular halts during the day to boil the kettle, 'there were some five-minute breaks in the



continuous paddling, at intervals fixed by Commander Carson according to his own fancy, the Indians filling their pipes and engaging with much abandon in outbreaks of Chree [*sic*] facetiousness which seemed, by the laughter they provoked, to be highly appreciated.'

When they entered Grass or Hairy Lake there was a fair wind so they hoisted the sails, and 'like a string of water-birds with white wings moved swanlike along the blue water. Often there were endless stretches of yellow water-lilies with a fringe of reeds behind them and rising tall behind these again, the dark or light green foliage of spruce or poplar or tamarack on well wooded shores and islands. The delicate cedar canoe which carried His Excellency glided smoothly and slipped through the water with her polished sides—always well ahead when it came to sailing.'

After crossing Hairy Lake, they began to 'push up the Echimanich River, a little tributary of the Nelson, black and sluggish, fringed by oozy willows and alders which leaned dejectedly over its sombre water'. They camped at 6 p.m., setting up their eleven tents 'on a wide, level flat formed by one of the lazy bends of the stream amid luxuriant and strong-smelling vegetation full of the only mosquitoes that showed the slightest energy.' It was a poor camping place, but as the R.N.W.M.P. well knew, it was too far to anything better.

Next day there was a strong wind but the weather was fine and the party set out along the shallow and winding Echimamish River which, in places, was so narrow that there was not room to use the sculls. Farther on they came to three 'primitive little dams made to keep the water back and make it deep enough for the York boats. An opening was made in these to allow the canoes to pass, and closed again when all were through.'

After the morning boiling of the kettle, they reached the watershed between the Echimamish and the Hayes Rivers, 'where, after swinking up one water you carry your canoe over a rock some fifty yards wide to re-embark and sail on the other side.'

By evening they were at Robinson's Portage. Here they 'struck a magnificent camp within the roar of thundering falls. It is by far the longest portage in the whole journey, the river rushing like a mill race for a mile and a half through a series of rapids and cascades quite impassable to canoes. Accordingly, the Hudson's Bay Company have set up a wooden tramway with four iron-wheeled trucks by which our canoes and baggage were transported to the calmer waters below the falls.'

By the time everything had been taken over on the tramway the following morning, it was 7.30 a.m. This day was uneventful, with only one portage, and by camping-time they had covered twenty-five miles.

Next day, August 12th, took them via Duck Rapids, Windy Lake, Wipimahanis Rapids and The Gateway to Oxford House. 'Late in the evening, after an unusually splendid sunset on the water as we paddled along, we reached Oxford House, another station of the great company, and the only settlement throughout the whole stretch of four hundred miles from Norway House to York Factory.

'Here we were received by Mr. Donald Flett, in charge of the Company's Post. Camp was pitched in a good place on the hill. Mr. Flett gave His Excellency the use of his house, and dinner was prepared by S/Const. Collins and partaken of in the Dining Room.

'The Indians made the most of their stay here, brightening up the links of old acquaintanceship and indulging in a good deal of dancing and general jollification.'

The following day breakfast was at nine o'clock, and at eleven there was a feast for all the Indians of the district, at which His Excellency made a speech. Then, after lunch, the party embarked once more.

'Four rapids were passed that afternoon, of which three were run by Indians only, the rest of us walking across, and part of the baggage being portaged.' Camp was made

An Indian chief arrives at Oxford House (below) to greet His Excellency.

at the upper end of Trout Falls, where some good pike were caught.

As next day was Sunday, the day's journey did not begin until 8.35 a.m. Even so, by camping time at six in the evening, the 'total distance in seven hours' travel was about 33 miles'.

One of the hardest parts of the trip began early next morning with the crossing of Knee Lake. The wind became so strong that the canoes shipped water, and 'one mast snapped, to the great amusement of the Indians not involved . . .'

Then a light rain began to fall but 'not so bad as to make it impossible to forge ahead'. Next, there was one rapid after another. It was possible to run some of them, but at others portages had to be made.

In the late afternoon they reached the east end of Swampy Lake, and although the site was very poor they made camp, as no better place was reasonably near. Heavy rain fell all night and throughout the following day, so they stayed in camp—the only time they were held up by bad weather.

August 17th 'was one dizzy succession of falls and rapids, about fifteen in all,' including Devils Rapid, Gun Rapid, Moss Rapid, Foot Rapid and Rudder Rapid.

'It was a brilliant and exhilarating spectacle at those rapids, full of sparkling life both in the river and in the crews—the flashing and tumbling water, the bold jutting rocks often crowned or overhung by glossy foliage, the bustling Indians in the full glory of their most congenial activity and at the utmost tension of their powers. Sometimes the party disembarked and the canoes with their baggage still in them were steered dexterously down the ticklish places. At other points they were lightened of their entire load and had to be carried bodily. Where the rapids were most dangerous, only the most skilful of the Indians were entrusted with the perilous task, so that the same men had sometimes to repeat their feat several times over. They never made a single mistake among all those sharp rocks. Their tense faces strained in sharp lookout, they seemed to know instinctively where and just how much to give the needful turn to the swift paddle. It was pretty to see how much more smoothly they managed after they had once gone down. The first time the canoe might at moments abruptly and somewhat ominously bob and rock and sway but the next one, steered by the same two men who knew their channel now would rise lazily with indolent grace to the waves with the easy spontaneous movement of a swan.'

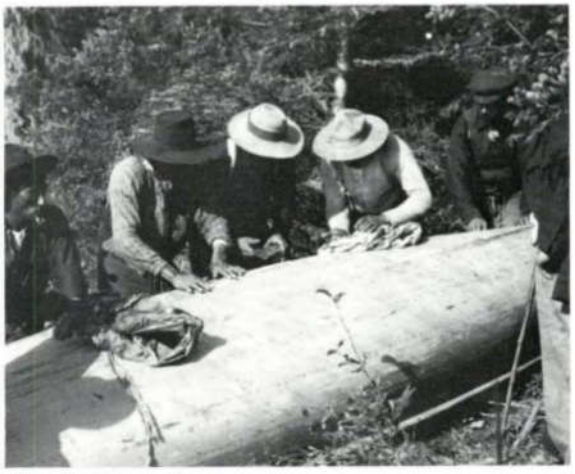
There was a sharp frost during the night, but by 6.30 a.m. the voyageurs were already at Half-breed Portage. At the next rapid they met a canoe seven days out from York Factory. A little later they met canoes with some of the Geological Survey party who were on their way to Winnipeg. Not long after that, they met Mr Symons, Indian Treaty Agent, who stopped and talked for about twenty-five minutes.

That same morning they passed Rock Portage where everything went as 'smoothly as if the rough river had been a tramway of polished steel rails run by well-oiled wheels. No wonder it is hard for the Indian to take to farming! It is difficult to conceive of men capable of the brilliant bursts of energy as well as of the wary tension required for this exciting kind of work, breaking the slow clods and waiting with loving serenity to see turnips and potatoes grow. Thank Heaven there are rivers and forests enough in Canada to give her own red-skinned offspring for a long time yet abundant scope for the exercise of the splendid qualities of manhood she has bred in them.'

From Rock Portage 'we had before us one hundred and ten miles of even, broad and rapid water through high clay banks covered with scrubby spruce and abounding in all manner of berries including red and black wild currants.'

The day was fine, the wind fair, and good speed was made under sail, averaging at least six miles an hour. The current was a help, for in many places it ran four or five miles an hour. That night when they made camp they

The Governor General and Dr McCrae watch a canoe run the rapids.



A canoe is repaired.

At Churchill His Excellency visits the ruins of Fort Prince of Wales and an Eskimo camp.

knew that by next camping-time they might possibly have reached their destination.

The following day after a very early start by 9.25 a.m. they were boiling the kettle just below the junction of the Shamattawa River with the Hayes. Here, after a hasty snack, Major Trotter and Major Moodie hurried ahead, arriving at York Factory in heavy rain. They arranged with Leslie Laing who was in temporary charge of the Hudson's Bay Post, to have the entire use of the factor's house. The Reverend Richard Faries offered two rooms in his house for the use of His Excellency and George Grey.

It was still raining heavily when at about 7 p.m. the Governor General with the rest of the party arrived at York Factory. Nevertheless, he was 'received with a salute of 18 guns from the two nine-pounders there, as well as by a continuous fire of rifles and guns by the Indians.' Captain Bartlett of the *Earl Grey* and First Mate Read had come to welcome him, having travelled in the ship's launch from where she was anchored some fifteen or twenty miles off shore.

In fog, at 7.30 next morning, His Excellency, Mr Laing, Dr McCrae and Messrs Amery and Brock, left in the launch to inspect the site that had been suggested for a port at the terminus of the proposed railway. They went to the Nelson River and upstream to where the survey schooner was anchored. After inspecting the harbour they returned in the evening to York Factory.

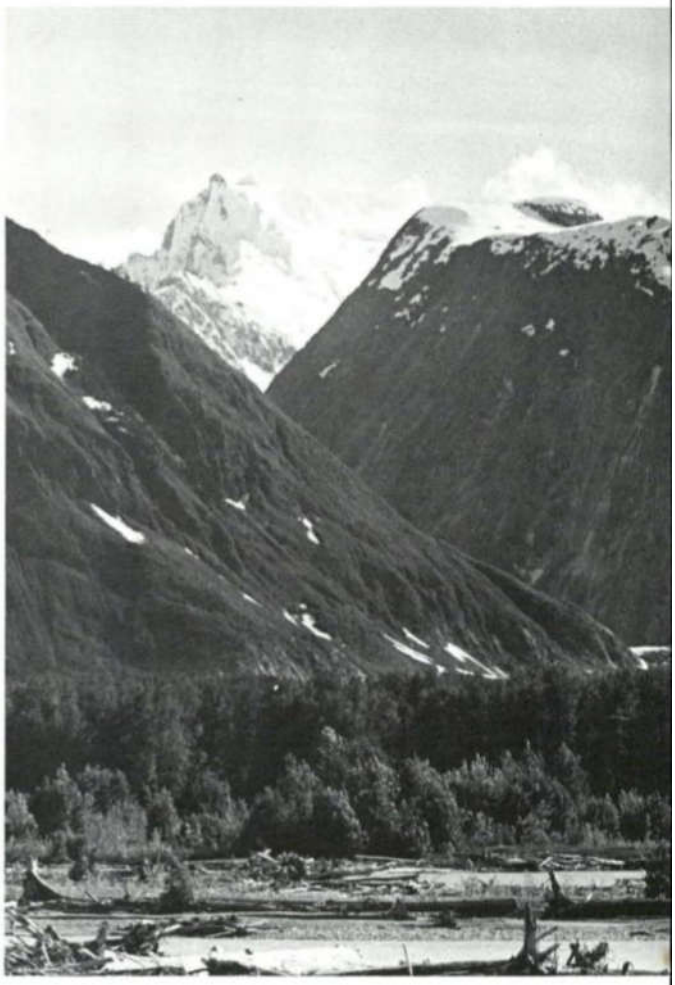
Soon after their arrival there was a feast for all the Indians of the district at which His Excellency made a speech and received the Chief's reply. Then he presented each member of his crew with a pipe, and publicly thanked the R.N.W.M.P. for their help in making the expedition a success.

At 8.30 p.m., with a loud farewell from rifles and the nine-pounders, the Governor General and his party left in the launch for the *Earl Grey* and a visit to Churchill. ◆

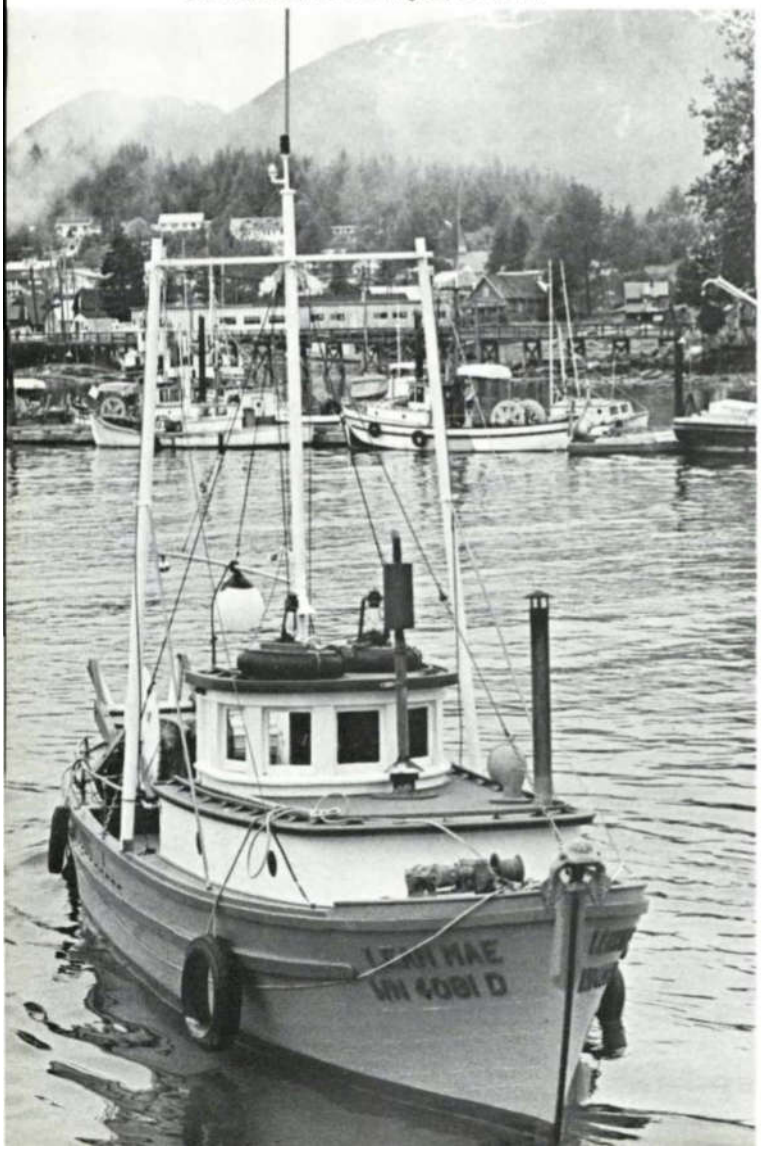
York Factory.

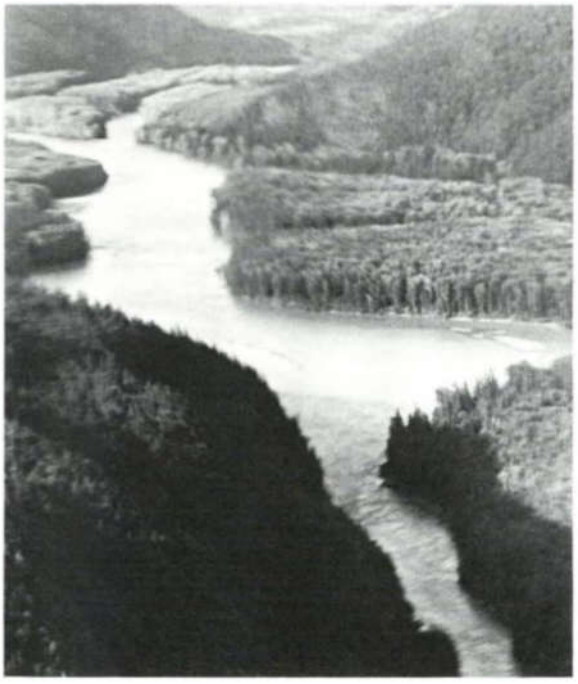
THE STIKINE

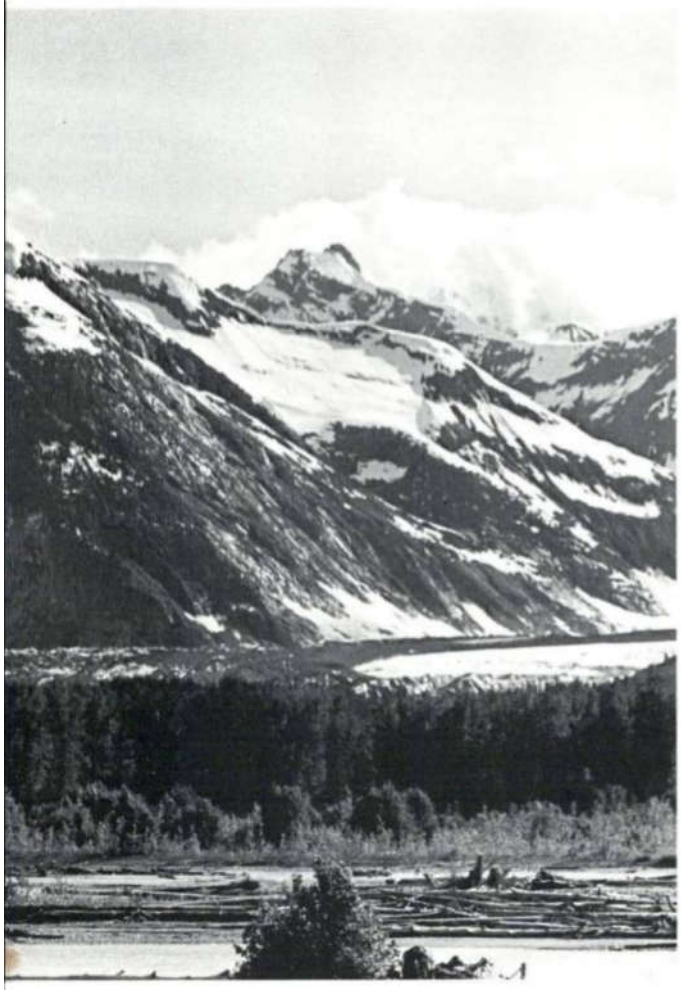
FOR SOME YEARS the riverboat *Margaret Rose* made scheduled runs each summer for three hundred and fifty miles up and back the steep and scenic Stikine River. The story of one trip is told by photographer-journalist Dolly Connelly who made the run to search for traces of the Collins Overland Line at Telegraph Creek. (See pages 39 to 47.) This year the passenger tours of the *Margaret Rose* have been discontinued.

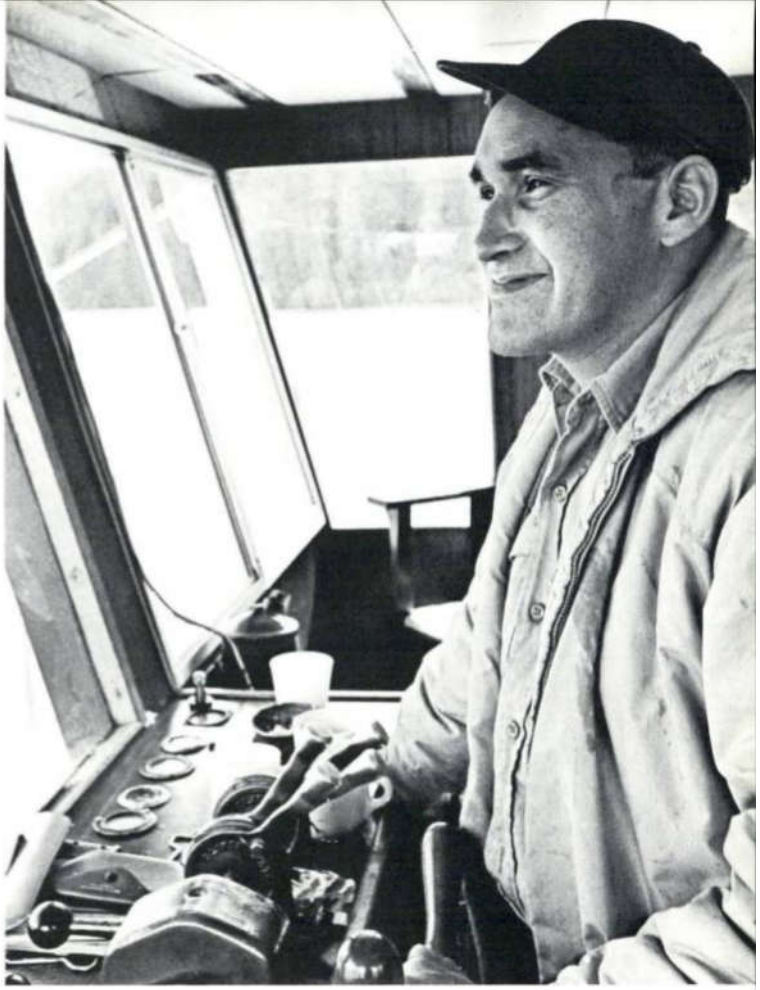


The harbour at Wrangell, Alaska.

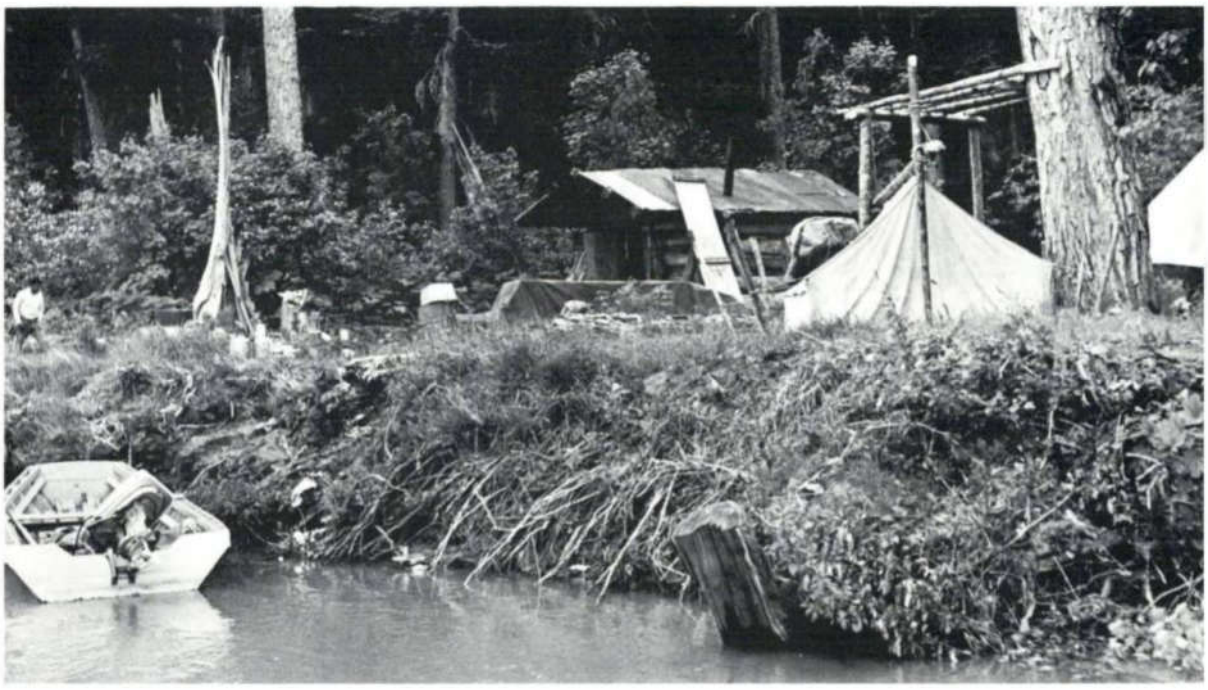


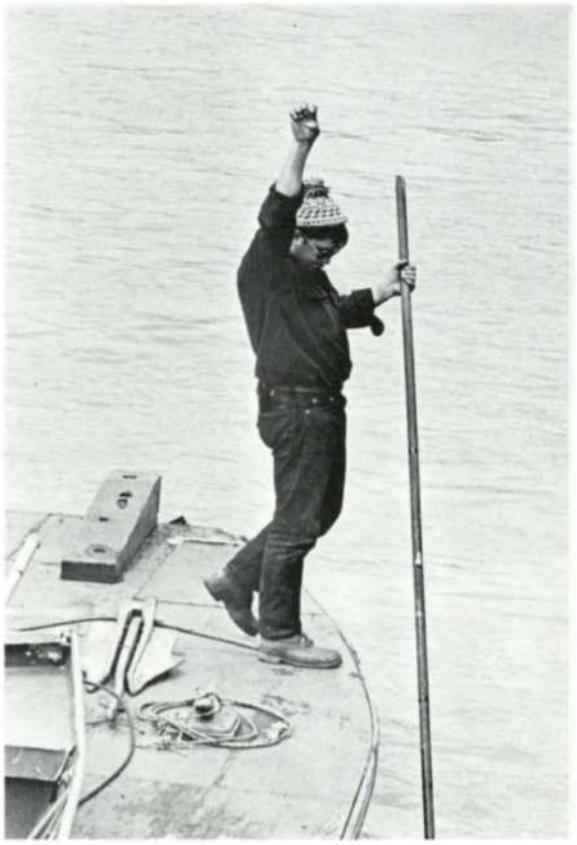






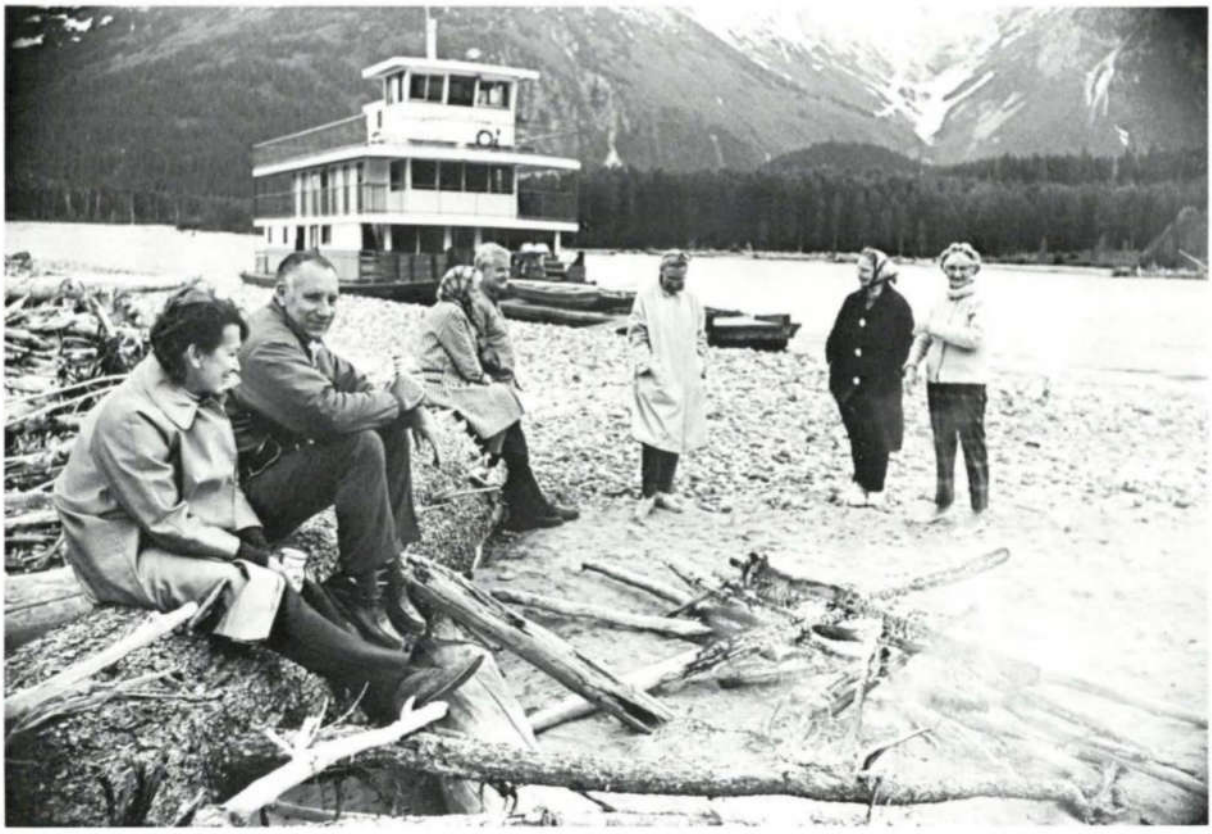
Captain Ed Callbreath takes his riverboat up the heavily forested valley of the Stikine, past Kates Needle, the high peak on the left, and Flood Glacier, centre right. Below is the 'snagging' camp of Gus Adamson who keeps the river passage clear for the boat.

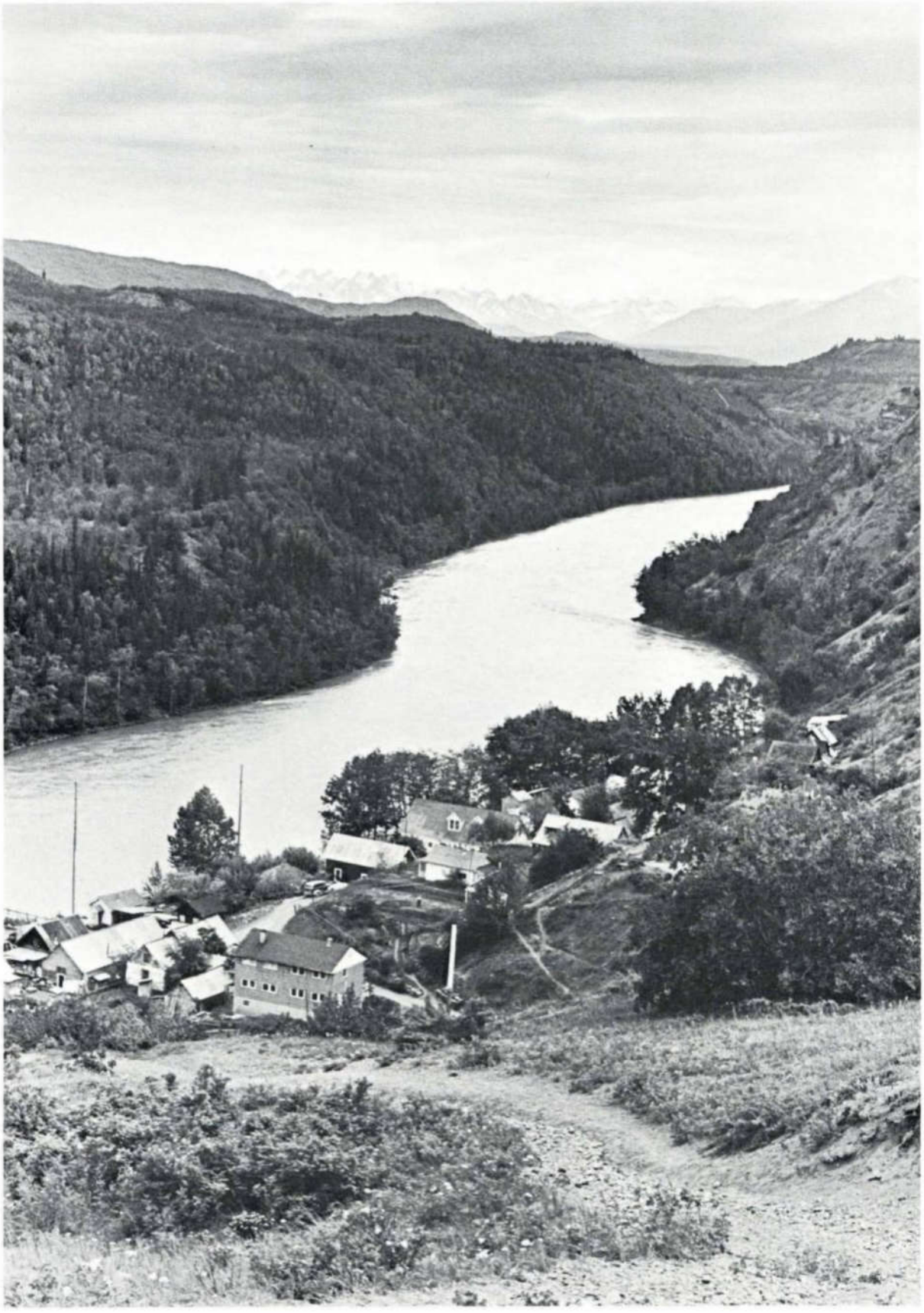




Mate Bob Silverthorne sounds for shallow water at the mouth of the Stikine near Wrangell and indicates the depth with his fingers. Above, Point Highfield near Wrangell and at the far right, Telegraph Creek.

A bonfire well after midnight in June, with the 'Margaret Rose' tied on a sand bar for the night.





NORVAL MORRISEAU

FOR more than a decade the bright bold art of Norval Morriseau has portrayed mythical figures from the folklore of his people. In the beginning his work was stylized, semi-abstract, a compromise between Ojibwa law that demands sacred beliefs be kept secret, and his own passion to record the legends of his people. In recent years the mythical figures have taken more substantial form. His favourite theme of the thunderbird man appears more solidly human; his patterns of deep bold colour hold the eye like sunlight on stained glass. Light fanciful butterflies sometimes appear in his work, a contrast to solidly massed colour and a delight to his children.

Morriseau, born in 1931 at the Sand Point Reserve on Lake Nipigon in northern Ontario, states simply that he is a born artist with no formal training. His only consistent schooling was two winters at the Indian Residential School at Fort William. As a young boy he spent many hours with his grandfather who told him legends that he in turn had heard from his grandfather. The spirit figures filled the boy's imagination; he covered the cabin walls with his drawings.

He was first encouraged to continue his drawing and painting when he was employed at the Cochenour gold mine at Red Lake. Dr Joseph Weinstein, the medical officer was himself an artist of some talent and a collector of primitive art. Morriseau's first show was held at the Pollock Gallery in Toronto in 1962. His work has since been seen in a sixteen-foot-high mural at Expo '67 and in exhibitions in Canada and the United States as well as at Saint Paul de Vence, France.

In 1960 Morriseau wrote the legends of his people down on paper for Selwyn Dewdney who edited his book *Legends of my People, the Great Ojibway*, published in 1966. A second book *Windigo and other tales of the Ojibways* was published in co-operation with Dr Herbert Schwarz in 1969.

Morriseau says of the mythical figures: 'I drew and painted them as best I could for the Ojibwa and for all the children of our white brothers to see'.

Members of the Indian concert band play at the opening of the Port Simpson council hall and school in 1968.

INDIAN CONCERT BANDS

THE CITY IS PRINCE RUPERT on the northern coast of British Columbia, and on this hot summer day in 1968 the tourists stand on the sidewalks gaping. Townsfolk, used to the sight, watch nonchalantly. An Indian funeral procession stretches for blocks along the main street, halting all other traffic. A well known woman from the Nass River country has died, and she is receiving full honours from her people. Three brass bands have come to escort the hearse. Sunlight glints on gold braid and flashes from highly polished instruments. The Indian players, all men, plod solemnly three and four abreast, concentrating on their music—the Dead March from Saul. The muffled beat of a big bass drum echoes back from the store fronts. When the first band has finished playing, the next band sounds the deep notes of the Chopin Funeral March. The hearse passes, the long line of cars carrying the mourners goes by, the bands gradually fade into the distance. It is slow and very dignified.

The onlooker may well wonder where else in Canada he might be stopped by a musical tribute of this kind. Probably only here would he see so many Indian bands playing spontaneously. This tradition of instrumental music has stayed alive in Tsimshian villages on the coastal approaches and Nishga settlements in the Nass Valley for nearly a century.

Why bandsmanship should have taken such a firm hold

By Leslie A. Drew

Mrs Drew is city editor, Nanaimo Free Press.

in this pocket of British Columbia is not easily explained. Some say it appeals to the Indian's keen sense of music and tradition, his love of ceremony. Certainly the people liked to do things together, whether at work or play. Others say it has been a means of defeating isolation. From their founding there have been strong links between the bands and the Protestant churches, especially Anglicanism. Whatever the reason, they rise nobly on public occasions, a colourful and little-known feature of Canadian life.

Ironically, the white man who taught the Indian has all but lost the art himself. Bandstands have vanished from many a small town in the province. Marshals for Remembrance Day parades have the utmost difficulty rounding up marching bands. In Prince Rupert (population 16,000) adult bands have folded one by one. If the city wants a ceremonial band it turns to the outlying Indian villages with as few as 400 residents. Here bands can be mustered readily. Whether they play at home for the opening of a new school or bridge or on infrequent outside engagements these smartly dressed musicians win total admiration every time they perform. Their story tells how rapidly the Indians adapted to a strange form of expression and how they have clung to it in isolation.

The first Indian musical band in British Columbia was created at Metlakatla, almost within sight of what was to become the city of Prince Rupert. Its originator was the famous pioneer lay missionary William Duncan, who introduced all kinds of white man's skills to the Tsimshian. According to the Venerable William H. Collison in his book *In the Wake of the War Canoe*, Duncan picked up a set of instruments in San Francisco and in 1879, at Collison's suggestion, hired a teacher to reside in the Metlakatla mission during the winter and instruct the young men. The Anglican Duncan was passionately devoted to the concept of keeping his converts frantically busy—so busy that they had no time to stray into 'evil ways'. They had to be learning trades for the mission's fledgling industrial complex, or pursuing the arts. Idleness, for himself or his converts, was anathema to Duncan.

The first bandmaster is said to have been a German named Ephor, from Victoria, who had once been a bandmaster in a Prussian cavalry regiment. A rather strange figure he must have been to his pupils. However the Indians were to see many more strict mentors like him, for none but the best were good enough to give basic instruction, before the Indians themselves qualified to take up a baton. Most of the early bandmasters were recruited from eminent military bands in Britain and continental Europe.

'The young men of Metlakatla made rapid progress both in theory and practice,' Collison noted. 'Before the winter was over their confused medley of sounds gradually became blended and harmonious.'

Struck by the innovation, Kincolith, further north at the mouth of the Nass River, next formed a band, raising $600 to engage as a teacher Roderick Vokel, a Metlakatla pupil whom Ephor had left in charge there. Soon a Port Simpson band was organized, and later the Nass River bands. To begin with they were essentially gospel bands, but before long they sallied into classical and semi-classical repertoires.

Today sadly Metlakatla, a pale shadow of the thriving place it was when Duncan ruled, has no band. But the Port Simpson and Kincolith bands flourish, with descendants of the first players among their members. In the Nass, the Aiyansh Harmonic Silver Band, an old band with a fine reputation, the Greenville Concert Band, and little Canyon City's band all step out in florid style, wearing distinctive uniforms, and on the upper Skeena River, Kitwanga's Totem Pole Brass Band survives among the Gitksan people.

Musical or not, the early missionaries seemed well aware that they had sources of abundant natural talent. More than one of them praised the Indian's acute ear and sense of time. At Aiyansh the Reverend J. B. McCullagh discovered that some Nishga had the ability to read music before they could read or write English. Collison, who believed that bands tended to 'civilize and elevate' the Indian, was gratified that band practice kept the young men occupied on long winter nights when the Nass lay locked in deep snow. 'Many of them are not only skilful performers but can transpose and even compose music,'

The band marches down a Port Simpson street.

he observed. So from their own drums and rattles, the Indians suddenly advanced to timpani and trumpets. From the simple accompaniments to their high-pitched songs and ceremonial dances, they plunged headlong into sophisticated music that had taken the European centuries to evolve. It was a swift transposition.

By 1910 brass bands had become virtually a craze in many reserves. More than twenty-five had sprung up in different tribes and regions—from the Haida in the Queen Charlotte Islands to the Salish in the Interior, to Vancouver Island, to the Squamish at the mouth of the Capilano River, and up the Fraser Valley. For parades, agricultural shows, church observations and visits of notables, Indian bands turned out at the drop of an invitation.

At the 1905 Dominion Exposition in New Westminster, twelve Indian bands gathered—from Port Simpson, Metlakatla, the Nass River, Skidegate, Kitimaat, Bella Bella, Bella Coola, Chilliwack, Lillooet and Squamish. To judge from newspaper accounts their playing must have been excellent, and when seven massed bands performed it was hailed as a first for Canada. The Exposition was the finest hour for Port Simpson; among bands in competition for a purse of $600 theirs took first prize. The memory of that event remains remarkably green today in the village.

In the days before the First World War, operettas, waltzes and marches were at the height of popularity. And they were thoroughly suitable for brass bands for light entertainments, festivities, or the plain fun of playing for their own sake. The native bands played them all. On the serious side, they gave musical expression to patriotic fervour, which was felt generally. (Curiously, some north coast native villages still hold special loyalty to the Crown as the only real temporal authority they have accepted.) When Sir Wilfrid Laurier visited Prince Rupert in 1910 for the biggest celebration the young city had ever held, three native bands (Metlakatla, Kitkatla and Port Simpson) played the first music of the day, welcoming him with *The Maple Leaf Forever* and *Rule Britannia*. The Duke of Connaught's visit the next year was the occasion for the 'greatest band competition ever held in the North'. Seven bands—those of Skidegate, Port Simpson, Kitkatla, Metlakatla, Aiyansh, Kincolith and Masset—competed, and the Governor-General's party voiced amazement at their skill.

The Skidegate Concert Band, described as 'classy' in contemporary newspaper reports, had as its long-time conductor the late Arthur Moody, who was more famous as a Haida carver in argillite. Moody had a knack for playing first cornet with one hand while conducting with the other. The Duke of Connaught, in presenting him with a gold watch and gold medal, remarked that he had not seen this duality before 'and I have seen thousands of band concerts in my time'. The story goes that Moody as a child saw a military band concert at Beacon Hill, Victoria, and told his mother, indicating the cornet player, 'that is the kind of instrument I will play when I grow up'.

Ambitious scores were—and still are—well within the bands' capabilities. A prime rule of a 1913 contest called for the best selection from the opera *Martha*. A 1911

contest in Prince Rupert brought forth the *William Tell* overture, 'Sounds of England,' a medley of English airs, Prior's 'Triumphal March', and the overture to Gounod's *Faust*, among others. The Kitimaat Silver Band included in a concert program in 1928 besides marches such as 'Gallop, Go' and 'Floral Parade' such varied items as waltzes, overtures—'Light Cavalry' and 'Lustpiel'—a selection from *H.M.S. Pinafore*, and 'Cotton Top Rag'.

The Squamish band, under the leadership of Andrew Paull, ranked as an outstanding group in the south of the province. It often played at exhibitions in Vancouver and New Westminster, and on public holidays.

The Reverend Dr Unsworth, writing in the *Colonist* in 1933, stated: 'St. Mary's Indian School at Mission City seemed to have been a centre for musical culture among the aborigines. The first leader of the Squamish band was Harry Edwards, a pupil of the priests of that mission. One of the most noted events in Indian band history was a religious celebration there about twenty years ago, during which twelve bands marched in a procession, their united music reverberating across the Fraser Valley.'

Today native bands in the south of the province are few and far between. The Mount Currie Salish at Pemberton maintain their long-standing brass band. Sechelt has two youthful survivors of another once-popular marching band, the fife and drum band. One is an all-girl fife and drum band; the other is for boys. In a delightful musical transplant, the Roman Catholic mission at Williams Lake has a kilted girls' pipe band.

In villages where concert bands have disappeared in the last two decades, the main cause seems to have been lack of interest among young men. At Kitkatla where the band is faltering, the Reverend Gordon Jackson, the Anglican priest, blames a generation gap. 'Older band members have difficulty persuading young men to take up instruments and practise,' he says, adding that rock bands hold greater appeal. At Skidegate, village clerk John Williams laments that 'more and more outside activities claim the time of our people' and that the proud concert band there was a casualty of affluence.

There is something else which disturbs those who regard the bands as uniquely charming and worth preserving. Under the present Indian Affairs cultural program, the emphasis has been placed on reviving the indigenous arts and crafts. As hybrids of the mingling of two cultures, the bands fall somewhere short of official blessing. One senior official from Ottawa admitted this recently, saying that one application for financial aid had been turned down, though not without some misgiving on the part of the judges. The records show a grant in 1965 of $1,800 to the Kincolith band, while the local band council contributed $1,200 from their own resources. The Aiyansh Silver Harmonic Band succeeded not long ago in obtaining federal money for new uniforms. Its members argued that the band was formed so soon after first contact with the white man that the validity of their claim for cultural funds was beyond question. Those bands with an unbroken history clearly have a strong case for support.

Given the encouragement they deserve the bands left in the north coast region have a good chance of going on for many years. A band school at Metlakatla? A lieutenant-governor's annual competition? Travel expenses to wider audiences? Such programs could give great incentive. To hear them play with intense eagerness in a quiet spot like Port Simpson, the sound drifting from a circular bandstand out across an islanded sea, is to step back abruptly in time. It is also to wish that more people could know them. The mosaic of Canadian life is undeniably richer for their presence. ◆

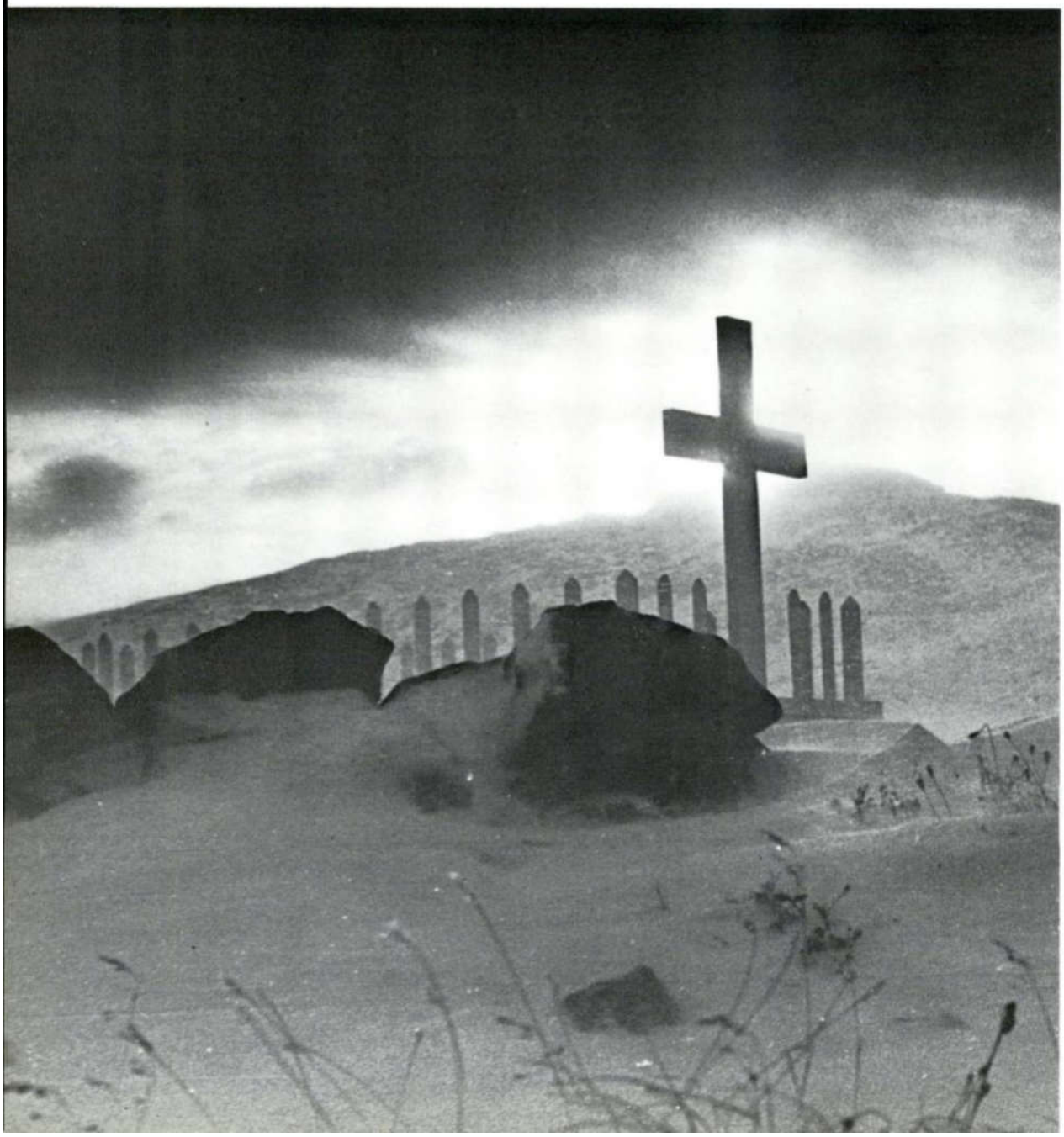
The Eskimo Bosses

By David F. Raine

Mr Raine taught during 1968 and 1969 in a federal school on Baffin Island.

ONE OF THE INTERESTING and significant changes taking place in Eskimo society over the past decade is that involving leadership. The 'Band Leaders' or 'Camp Bosses' of earlier days have watched their power and importance slowly diminish, and the people are leaning more and more on public servants—administrators, teachers, welfare and craft officers—for leadership.

The grave of Pootagook, Cape Dorset.



LORNE SMITH

The trend is obviously more advanced in some areas than in others, but certainly throughout the Eastern Arctic, the seeds of this change are firmly embedded. In some of the more remote settlements, the bosses retain a considerable amount of influence; in others it is restricted to token recognition.

In Frobisher Bay, for example, the traditional system has almost totally collapsed. This is partly because of the growing size of the town, and partly because of the mixture of peoples who now reside there. Talk of any local Eskimo leader tends to be met with a variety of names and it is clear that such men are mentioned because of personal respect, carving ability or merely reputation. Therefore, because of the fragmented character of the settlement as a whole in its physical layout, these leaders are usually found to be heads of a wider family network or a representative in some capacity for a neighbourhood. Certainly none enjoys the real power of a leader in the true sense, and it is safe to say that Frobisher Bay does not have any one Eskimo boss.

In the case of Frobisher Bay, the government impact is perhaps felt more than anywhere else and some of the leaders are either workers for the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development (since March 1970, for the territorial government), or are sufficiently familiar with the ways of government to be able to speak in the right places and at the right times on behalf of their people. This latter factor should not be minimized, for a survey conducted in Inuvik in the Mackenzie District revealed a similar feature; those conversant with the procedures of meetings and councils emerged as spokesmen for their groups. This is already apparent in Frobisher and will almost certainly duplicate the pattern already established in Inuvik. In effect the new bosses are a breed of 'leading citizen', as opposed to the traditional sense of the term.

Frobisher Bay is by no means typical of Eskimo life today and, although the character of leadership is undergoing a general change, some sort of adherence to its implications is still to be found in other areas of the North.

Lake Harbour is a small settlement of just over a hundred people. It lies due south of Frobisher Bay, on the southern shoreline of Baffin Island. Here, two very powerful men rule the settlement itself and its outlying districts. They are Killikillik and Akevak. The former lives in Lake Harbour, acts in the full role of band leader and is regarded as a man of insight and all-round ability; he makes decisions for the people and they respect his wishes. Akevak lives at camp, where he enjoys a similar level of respect. Both hold their office with the approval of the people and rule as chiefs in their respective domains. Once Akevak enters the settlement he yields to the power of Killikillik so that their relationship becomes almost one of king and visiting prince.

The isolation of Lake Harbour and the congeniality of the local government representatives have left the power structure of the settlement very close to its original state. Indications are that such leadership will be later transferred to two heirs, one for each group, and that any changes may well occur long after camp leaders elsewhere have disappeared.

At Igloolik, on the Melville Peninsula, another situation prevails. There the dividing of the settlement created the emergence of two distinct groups, each with its own leader. The leader of the Roman Catholic group was Pacome Kolaut; the Anglican boss is Nashook.

The division of the settlement is possibly more marked in Igloolik than elsewhere; the Catholics and Anglicans live in distinct sections of the town and only recently are the Anglicans beginning to frequent the local Co-operative store, which is essentially a Catholic operation.

Pacome was perhaps typical of the past. He was an expert hunter in his own right, a man possessing all those qualities of judgement and personality which leadership demands. He was a natural leader, not inheriting the position from his father, but rather gaining it by the process of emergence. With the increasing effect of the southern culture, he easily adapted to new demands and assumed prominent roles on both the community council and in the co-operative. He enjoyed great recognition as a carver, producing works which contained not only boldness and strength, but also craftsmanship and an understanding of his subjects.

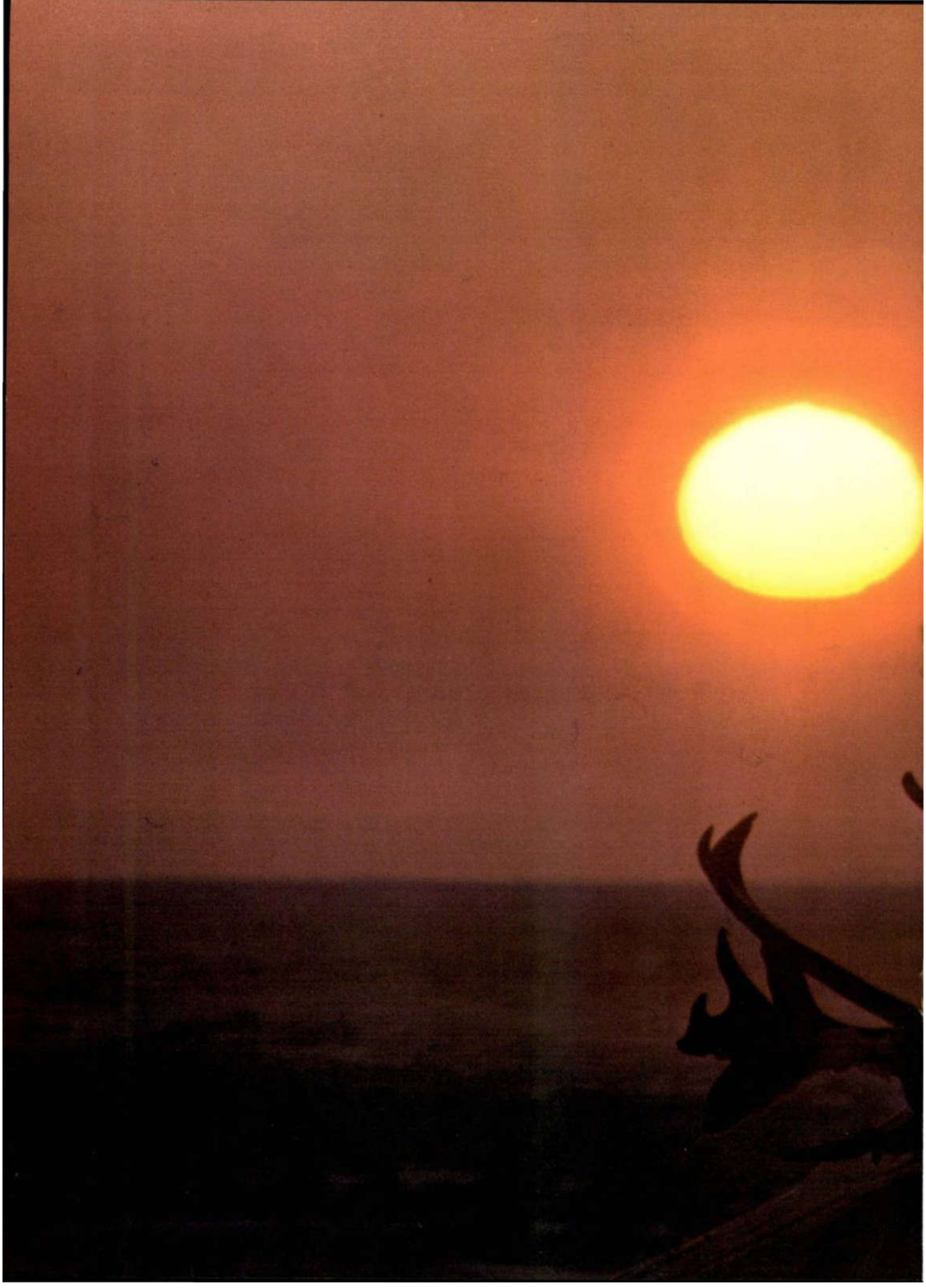
Pacome died in April 1968. While driving a caterpillar tractor across the ice from Bray Island to Igloolik, his vehicle plummeted through a crack and he was unable to escape from the cab in time. No Eskimo rose to assume his office; this was taken by the Catholic Father in Igloolik—a man highly respected and long resident in the settlement.

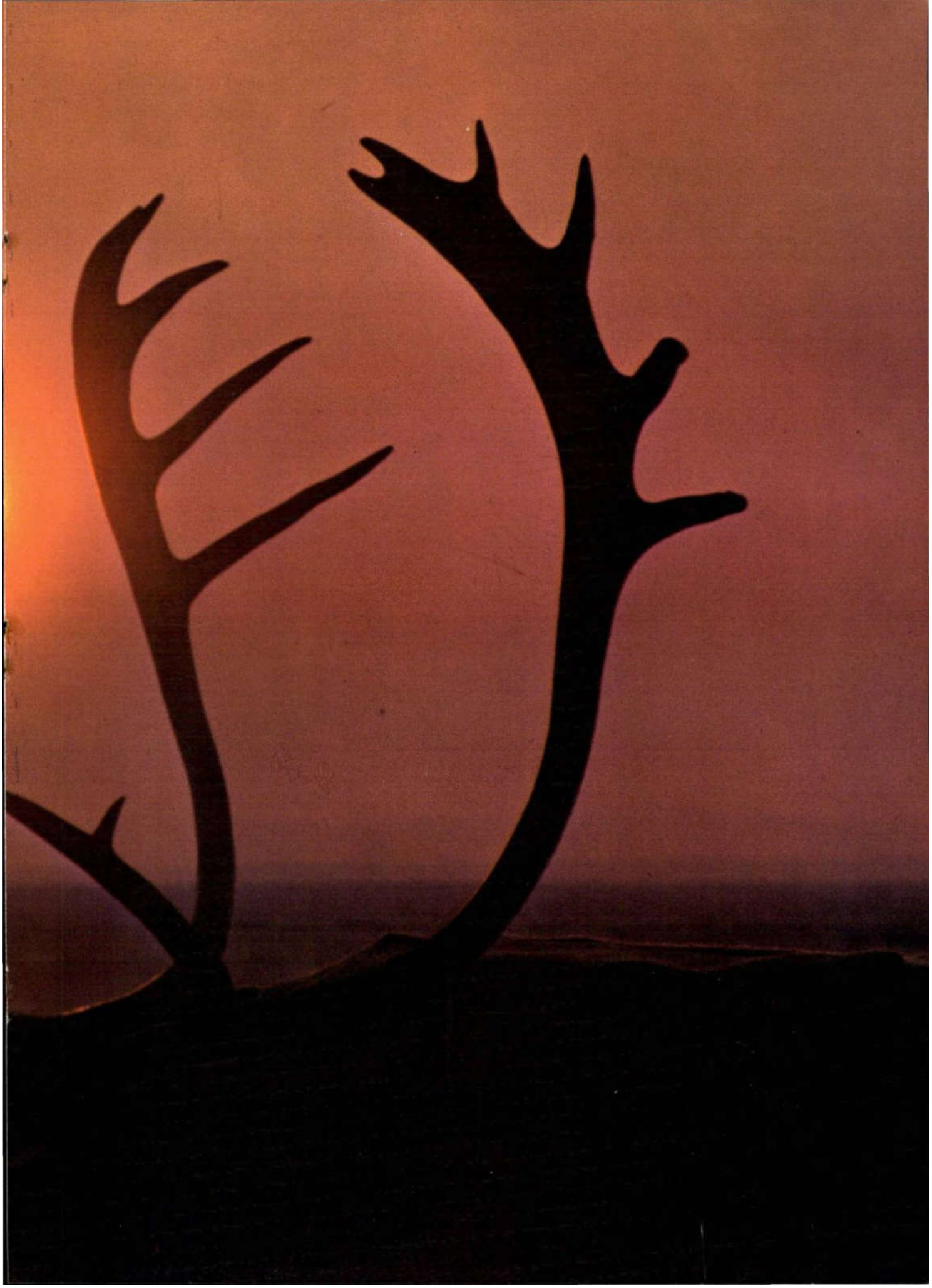
The Anglicans, while well supported, did not enjoy the same power and influence as the Catholics, nor did their leader appear to enjoy the same degree of esteem as Pacome. Nevertheless, Nashook is now the only Eskimo leader in the settlement and this must have enhanced his status. His son is currently the assistant editor of the Igloolik newspaper *Midnight Sun* and other relatives are involved in areas of the changing culture.

A group leader of the more traditional type is Kupa (Kopak) of Sugluk, in Arctic Quebec. He assumed leadership following the death, in about 1965, of Tayarak. Reputed to have been the first Eskimo ever to fly in an aircraft, Tayarak came to his position through his ability to make wise decisions, to hunt, and to lead his band of roughly fifty members. Kupa assumed his position partially because he was an elder son of Tayarak, partly because he was active in the Anglican church, which the band favoured; moreover he had a command of English—an asset of increasing value—and a very definite sense of responsibility for his followers.

In 1966 the economic situation and other factors in Sugluk became such that the Tayarak group decided to move to another settlement which could offer better future prospects. Cape Dorset was chosen. It was a carv-

Overleaf: the sun at night in early May, Baffin Island. Photo by Lorne Smith.





ing and print making centre, and some members of the group had close family ties there.

Kupa led his band to Cape Dorset in September 1968. As a leader he showed many of the long-forgotten characteristics of his predecessors. He briefed his followers on their conduct in the new settlement; held meetings of reproval for misconduct; discussed personal, domestic and community matters with his people. By moving out of the cluster of houses originally designated for the Tayaraks at Cape Dorset and into the middle of the settlement, he led the desegregation which was not possible at first. He reported back to Sugluk to the other band leaders, advising them of the facilities, economy and possibilities. In fact, Kupa was very much of the stock of Eskimo leaders, but he had successfully adapted to the present cultural revolution, in somewhat the same fashion as did Pacome of Igloolik.

Kupa's example caused an unexpected repercussion in Cape Dorset where, well advanced in the southern culture, the leadership had drifted into the hands of the government employees over the last decade. Paralleling this, local leadership began to decline. Coincidental perhaps, or due to the example of Kupa, the dormant Cape Dorset leader became active. Oshaweetuk laid down rules of conduct for the community hall, which had not been enforced prior to September 1968; led a successful walrus hunt that same Christmas and organized the distribution of the meat in the settlement. In his capacity of community councillor he also instigated a request for a night curfew for young children. It would seem that Cape Dorset has a rare example of revival of the old leadership pattern.

Unquestionably, the power of local Eskimo leaders in its traditional sense, is slowly being eroded and is destined to succumb to the waves of cultural change. To understand the change it is vital to know what this power originally was and how it was transferred to another leader at death.

Some fifty years ago Pootagook, a short, stocky band leader of extraordinary reputation, ruled over much of south Baffin Island as far east as Frobisher Bay. His subjects included everyone within that region and he held the power of success and failure, life and death, over literally hundreds of Eskimos.

It is not possible to establish when he came to power, although it is probable that he was a man of influence by the 1920s. It would also seem likely that he was converted to Anglicanism just after the turn of the century. His acceptance of the doctrine was enough to decree total acceptance by his band, and for many years he was responsible for conducting church services, preaching the gospel and, in 1952-53, directing the erection of a church in the settlement. Pootagook was truly a spiritual leader of his people.

Pootagook reigned supreme over a social organization comparable in most respects to feudalism. He was the possessor of absolute power over everyone; there was even a social stratification which ranged from lowly servants to princes. It is said that he literally waited for someone to light his cigarette, and expected a drink in the middle of the night by summoning a servant. He dictated to hunters as to when, where, and how they should go, and his was the exclusive right to distribute the meat when they returned to camp. Pootagook, in effect, established an almost classical example of a small-scale mediaeval monarchy.

For all his power, Pootagook was well respected, and if people responded to his wishes partly because of fear, it was also because they trusted his judgement of what was best for the band. Certainly it was unwise to be out of favour, but being in favour also meant a security not enjoyed by most Eskimos elsewhere.

Although party to several common-law marriages, Pootagook's true wife was Ningiukooloo. They had four sons: Pudlat, Paulassie, Eezeevudluk and Kanangiak; there were also two daughters who died early in life. Initially, the family lived on a small, elongated island equidistant from the nucleus now called Cape Dorset, and the old Hudson's Bay trading post at Amadjuak. Situated on the southern shore of the Foxe Peninsula, the leader's camp was thus centrally located for the control of his area. It also placed him in a good position for almost annual access to the caribou herds which move seasonally across the peninsula.

Upon moving permanently into Cape Dorset, Pootagook's power increased as he gathered a whole network of kinsmen around him and was able to make his presence more immediately felt.

His death in 1959 saw the end of an era and, perhaps not insignificantly, plunged the people into a series of famines and illnesses. His funeral was the scene of much lamenting and eye-witnesses have said that the procession was one of the biggest ever seen. His body was laid to rest on a promontory overlooking the centre of the settlement. The grave, surrounded by a low fence, is marked by a small cross, inscribed in Eskimo syllabics. It is an isolated grave, inconspicuously tended by the survivors of one of the greatest Eskimo leaders of this century.

Today each of his sons has taken the name Pootagook for a surname and it is no mean tribute that roughly forty per cent of the children born in the year after his death bear his name. The family, however, is no longer on an unassailable pedestal, although the leadership value of the family is reflected by the fact that two of his sons, Paulassie and Kanangiak, were elected president of the local co-operative during the first five years of its inception.

What, then, did happen to the leadership of Cape Dorset after Pootagook's death? Aware of the possibility of dying, he took precautions to name his successor. This was Kingwatsiak, strangely enough a man outside of the family, but one who nevertheless possessed similar leadership qualities and commanded respect, partly due to his advanced years. Kingwatsiak's wife was Haluitok, and one of their sons is Iyola, a famous print maker. King-

CHARLES GIMPEL

Kingwatsiak, Cape Dorset, 23 May 1961.

watsiak ruled at a time of economic depression for the people of the area and his reign attracted little attention. He died in 1961, at the age of 85. While the rest of the community had assembled for a social function, the lamp inside his house caught fire and he was burnt to death before anyone was able to help.

It is from here that the real meaning of camp boss begins to fade. With Kingwatsiak's sudden death, Pootagook's oldest living brother, Peter Pitseolak, returned from camp to assume leadership. He had been residing at his own camp, some ten miles outside of the main settlement, when the untimely death brought him back to Cape Dorset.

Although Pitseolak, at fifty-nine, was vigorous and well-to-do, he attempted less in terms of feeding and directing the people than either Pootagook or Kingwatsiak. This function had become less important in a community that was beginning to centre around a government-organized co-operative and carving and print-making programs. The co-operative introduced the idea of a vote by ballot, and in this way, Pitseolak, who spoke only Eskimo, was finally replaced by Oshaweetok who had learnt English and had become more familiar with the ways of the changing culture. Oshaweetok was elected chairman of the local community council and the people generally came to regard him as the most important man in the settlement.

The emergence of Oshaweetok was significant, for it marked the end of the old order characterized by Pootagook, and the start of the new, characterized by bosses who were actually 'leading citizens'. Also of significance was the formal election of the man; originally leaders were appointed as successors.

There was a change, too, in the nature of Oshaweetok's authority. He did not hold absolute power over any of the people in his settlement, but he did command respect and was regarded as their representative and spokesman for all things. Hunters advised him of their routes and expected number of days absence so that in the event of excessive delay he might organize search parties. He led small hunts of his own and arranged for the distribution of meat to others from his catches.

There is little doubt that the nature of leadership among the Eskimos has undergone radical change during the last few years. The main contributor to this has been the introduction of public servants at the local level, the outcome of which has been to place the destiny of Eskimo culture and lives in the hands of officials at Ottawa and Yellowknife. Subsequent to this, white settlers in the North have assumed control, which frequently places them over local leadership in terms of the power structure. In their various capacities they dominate almost every aspect of northern living. The Eskimos have generally assumed lesser roles as clerks, interpreters and assistants, and even their leaders find themselves in some ways with less power than immigrants from the south.

By and large, local leadership among the Eskimo people has now changed in terms of totality and effectiveness; not until they in turn rise to assume new positions and roles will they again emerge as total leaders of their people. ◆

Leopard Frog.

HERPETOLOGY NORTH OF 60°

By Robert Parker Hodge

Herpetologist for the Point Defiance Public Aquarium in Tacoma, Washington.
Colour photos and map by the author.

WITH THE COMING of the spring breakup, the swamps, ponds, and roadside ditches throughout the forested areas of the Northwest Territories come alive with the calls of a group of animals widely known to people from more temperate climes but little known and understood north of sixty. This group of animals—the amphibians—represented in the Northwest Territories by three frogs and a toad, shares this northland with one voiceless reptile, the Garter Snake.

As the ice leaves the margins of the many small bodies of water in the north the frogs and toads appear, fresh from a long winter spent in hibernation, and begin their annual wetland symphony. The vocal males appear first, followed shortly by the voiceless females. The males float suspended at the water surface waiting for a mate to come within grasping range. If the grasped frog turns out to be another male, a warning note is sounded and the frog immediately released. If however, it is a female the male clasps her in his arms and together they float about the pond locked in embrace. After a somewhat haphazard courtship the female begins to deposit eggs, jelly-like masses of several hundred individual eggs. Fertilization is external, the males releasing sperm simultaneously with the egg laying of the female. The fertilized egg masses are then attached to underwater vegetation or left to float somewhat beneath the surface of the water—an adaptation characteristic of northern amphibians believed to increase the chances of survival in case of surface freezing of the water.

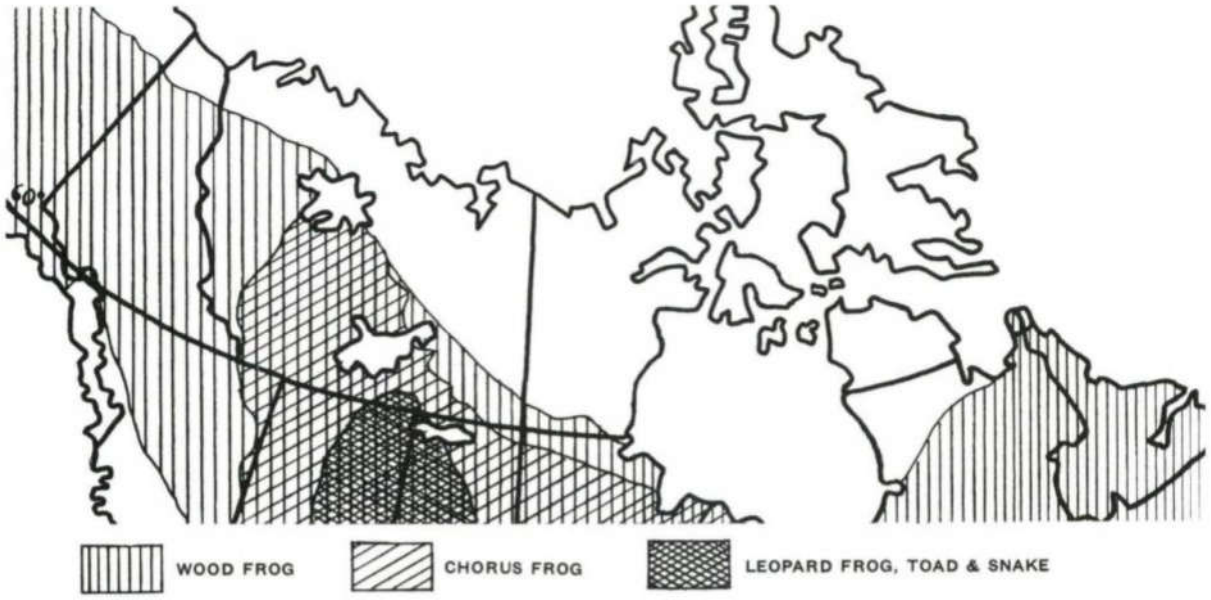
As the rays of the early summer sun penetrate the shallow water, the egg masses undergo spectacular changes. At time of laying, the individual eggs appear to be nothing more than an almost liquid mass the size of a small pea surrounded by a gelatinous covering. Within a short time, this black 'nucleus' develops into an embryo-like organism. A head-like structure can now be seen, along with body, tail, and eyes. At this stage in development the embryo is so transparent that internal organs are visible. By mid-summer these developing tadpoles show signs of movement as they try to escape from their jellied confinement. Shortly thereafter they do in fact escape and spend the summer foraging about the pond bottoms eating vegetable matter.

By late summer, the tadpole has developed legs, and is beginning to look somewhat like the adult frog it will some day become. Less obvious, but equally profound,

Egg masses of the Wood Frog (left) and two Wood Frogs whose actual size is about two inches in length. Below, the tiny one-inch-long Chorus Frog.

are the many internal changes that are preparing the tadpole for metamorphosis, that process whereby it will change from an aquatic fish-like tadpole to an adult air-breathing frog or toad. The tail is gradually absorbed, the eyes undergo changes that will allow the frog to see in its future terrestrial environment, and lungs are developing to replace gills used in its present water world. The tadpoles, now miniature replicas of adult frogs, leave the water and spend the rest of their lives foraging about the margins of the ponds and swamps searching for insects on which to feed and attempting to escape the many predators that enjoy soft moist amphibians. The frogs and toads that do manage to reach adulthood will some

Garter Snake.



distant spring return to their birthplace and contribute to future amphibian generations.

The Wood Frog, *Rana sylvatica*, has the widest range of any northern frog, its distribution in Canada approximating the range of the interior spruce forests. It is found from Labrador to Alaska, and throughout the timbered areas of the Northwest Territories. In September 1970 this frog was abundant throughout the entire Mackenzie Highway system, being found in numbers in almost every roadside ditch investigated. Adults and metamorphosing tadpoles were numerous. *Sylvatica* is two inches long, brown or grey-brown with a light stripe down the back, and a dark eye mask. The call is a hoarse clacking sound, similar to the muffled quacking of a duck.

The Leopard Frog, *Rana pipiens*, reaches its northern limit in the extreme south of the Northwest Territories,

Canadian Toad.

JEFF BLACK

being found between Great Slave Lake and the Fort Smith area. Two inches long, brown or green with dark spots with light borders, its call is a deep guttural rattling or clucking grunt.

The Chorus Frog, *Pseudacris triseriata*, is an extremely small grey-brown striped frog rarely exceeding one inch in length. It is widespread throughout the area around Great Bear Lake south to and across the provincial borders of British Columbia, Alberta, and Saskatchewan. The call is an unbelievably intense preep, preep, preep, that carries for considerable distances. The eggs are small shapeless masses attached to underwater vegetation.

The Canadian Toad, *Bufo hemiophrys*, reaches its northern limit in the Fort Smith area. Two inches long, its rough wart-like skin allows it to live in relatively dry environments. It is dark green-brown with a light median stripe. The call is a soft low-pitched trill. The eggs are deposited in rosary-like strings.

The lone reptile found in the Northwest Territories, the Garter Snake, *Thamnophis sirtalis*, reaches its northern limit just over the border, in the Fort Smith area. Up to two and one half feet long, it lives near water where it takes its toll of amphibians and gives birth to living young.

The Northwest Territories is not an ideal habitat for herptiles, as reptiles and amphibians collectively are called. However, the few species that 'choose' to live there represent dramatic adaptations to survival in a harsh environment. Adaptations such as shortened hind legs, hopping instead of jumping, large egg size, submerged egg masses, and rapid larval development, all illustrate northern modifications. While the number of northern species may be limited, the abundance of individuals one finds can only illustrate the apparent success of those herptiles that do reside north of sixty. ◆

The One World of Perry Collins

By Dolly Connelly

Sketches by Frederick Whymper, artist with the Collins Overland Line expedition in Russian America, from his book published 1869.

ONE OF THE FIRST visionaries to see the globe as one world was Major Perry McDonough Collins. He believed that the world required only communication by intercontinental telegraph, to achieve through understanding a constant peace and material success in the distribution of earth's bounty. As he put it: 'We hold the ball of the earth in our hands and wind upon it a network of living and thinking wire, till the whole is held together and bound with the same wishes, projects and interests.' He saw an armada of American-built steamships sailing Siberia's Amur River, bringing the grains of a vast agriculture on the Siberian plains to Mongolia, Japan, India, China, Australia, based upon the Russo-Chinese tea and silk trade. 'I propose the telegraphic union of Europe with America overland via Russian-America (Alaska), Behring's Straits and Asiatic Russia', he wrote. 'There is not in the whole line a single hostile tribe or nation. We do not, from all the lights before us, believe that the physical difficulties in the way are of such a nature to be insuperable, though they may be very great. We shall encompass the earth over a route formed by nature, penetrating every nation and country, pervading the whole earth.'

The astonishing truth is that Collins came within a few thousand miles of total success, his project leaping up the Pacific Coast from the existing American transcontinental telegraph line terminating in San Francisco in 1861, far up the Kispiox River into the wilderness of northern British Columbia. In the Soviet Union a telegraph line linked Moscow to Nikolaevsk at the mouth of the Amur River on the Sea of Okhotsk. In addition huge caches of supplies—sacks of thousands upon thousands of glass insulators, miles of wire, 20,000 rations—had been established at remote points on the contemplated route to Cape Prince of Wales, across the Bering Strait via the Diomede Islands to the Chukotski Peninsula of Siberia.

In Russian America, surveyors discovered the mysterious Brooks Range of mountains, and arctic naturalist Robert Kennicott, exploring the Yukon basin, collected thousands of plant, animal, and geological specimens for the Smithsonian Institution.

It is an adventure tale as grand as any ever written, and near-forgotten almost as quickly as Collins' Overland Telegraph was loser in a race with time. In the spring and summer of 1866, crews of men laboured in the wilderness on the span from the Nass to the Stikine. If they knew that a third attempt was being made to lay the Atlantic cable, they probably assumed that it would break within a few days, 'abandoned to the fishes, silent forever', as other cables had done in prior attempts. On

NATIONAL MUSEUMS OF CANADA

Abandoned telegraph wire was used by the Indians to build their suspension bridge over the Bulkley River.

27 July 1866, the steamship *Great Eastern* nosed into Heart's Content Harbour, Newfoundland, bringing ashore cable stretching unbroken to Ireland. In Alaska and Siberia where news travelled slowly if at all, almost a full year passed before abandonment of the Overland 'with profound disappointment'. Finally the exhausted men hung black cloth over the tripod telegraph poles. Long after the collapse of the project, 50,000 blue glass insulators, brackets and other equipment were landed on the Siberian coast at Gizhiga. Twenty-one-year-old William Healy Dall, successor to Kennicott (who died at Nulato in 1866) continued to press up the Yukon River and remained in Russian America until 1868 to complete scientific work.

A wilderness traveller, Captain William Francis Butler chanced upon vestiges of the line in northern British Columbia near the Nechako River in 1873. He wrote: 'Crossing the wide Nacharcole River, and continuing south for a few miles, we reached a broadly cut trail which bore curious traces of past civilization. Old tele-

graph poles stood at intervals along the forest-cleared opening, and rusted wires hung in loose festoons down from their tops, or lay tangled amid the growing brushwood of the cleared space. A telegraph in the wilderness! What did it mean?'

At first the Indians were terrified of the talking wire, but after years passed and no harm emanated from the abandoned line, they were emboldened to make use of great piles of wire and insulators. Their celebrated suspension bridge at Hagwilget on the Bulkley River was an intricate cat's cradle woven of telegraph wire. Perhaps Eskimos of Saint Lawrence Island, the Diomedes and the north coast of Alaska traded walrus ivory for blue glass and copper wire with Siberian neighbours, and Indians of the Kispiox country discovered treasure in endless demand by the Haidas.

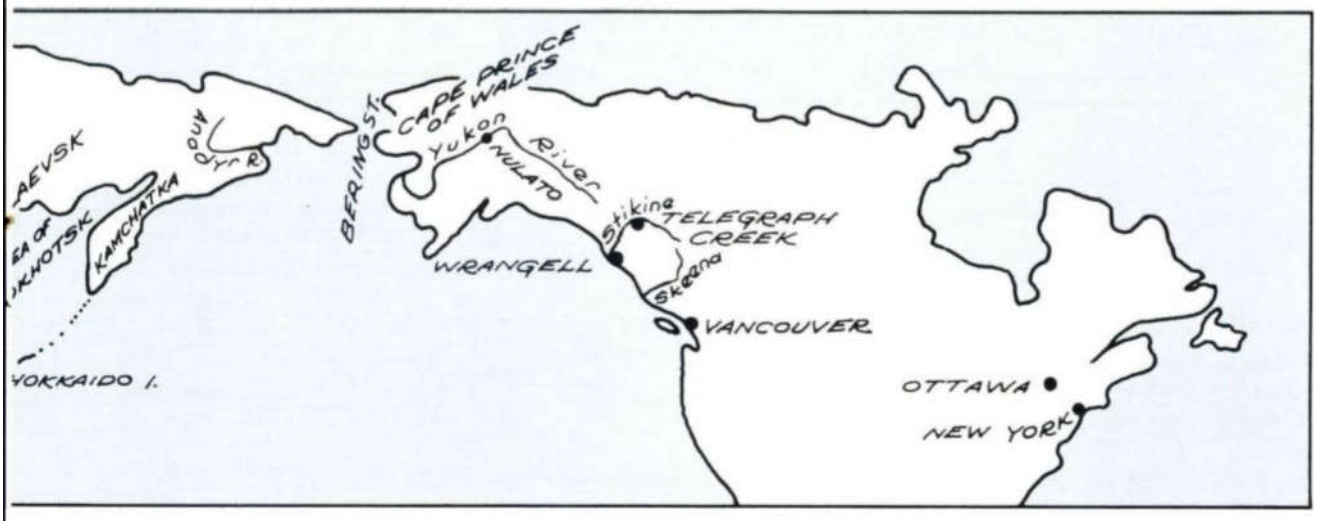
Meanwhile the memory of Perry McDonough Collins, the romantic who believed in one world, had virtually disappeared. This is strange in view of the fact that he lived to 88 years of age, to 1900, predicting the Alaska Gold Rush, construction of the Siberian railroad and development of mineral and agricultural resources of southern Siberia decades ahead of their time. His travel adventure book, *Overland Explorations in Siberia, Northern Asia and the Great Amoor River Country, with Incidental Notices of Manchooria, Mongolia, Kamschatka and Japan*, published by D. Appleton and Company in 1864 is long out of print.

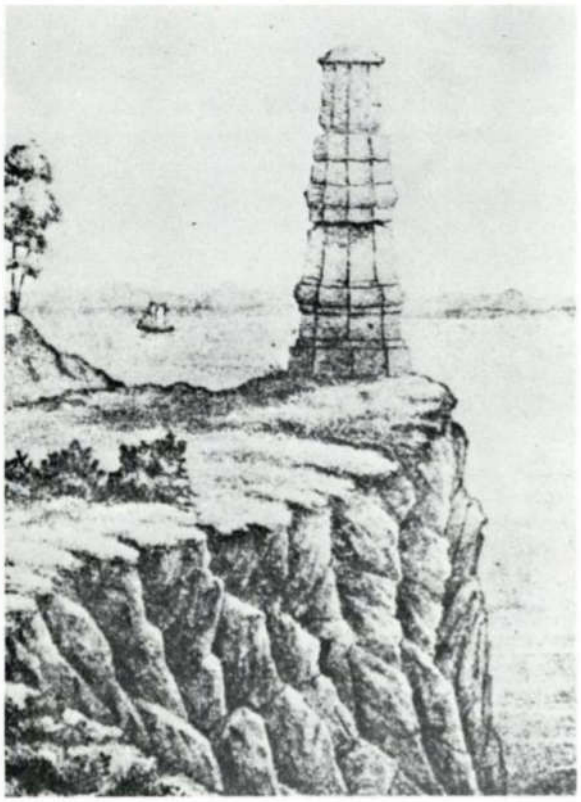
The charm of Collins' book lies in style as well as content. First known American ever to completely cross Siberia, ever to see the Amur River 15,000 miles from home, ever to admire 'buxom damsels with well-formed bosoms' at Petropavlovsk on Kamchatka; amused that his red hair and beard and white skin caused 'a sensation a near riot' on the Japanese island of Hokkaido, he reported everything, from cold spells at fifty degrees below zero to 'the inclination to pillage and murder' of remote tribesmen of northern Mongolia, with the unruffled mien of a participant in a Sunday School picnic. Only once does this aplomb slip. A man with an eye for the ladies, he commented upon Siberian girls:

'We observed some really good faces, not by any means destitute of attraction. I saw fine teeth, lively countenances and well-turned busts.' He communicated his admiration to the husband of an unfortunate Tartar girl at a fish camp on the Amur, and later was shaken to discover that the woman had been beaten mercilessly.

Perry Collins' idea sprang from his fascination with the commercial resources of the Pacific side of the United States in connection with unknown riches of the opposite coast of Asia. He believed that the Amur River of Siberia was destined to become the navigable channel to obscure depths of northern Asia, tapping from here the whole expanse of the far east. He presented his dream to influential persons, among them Senator Milton S. Latham of the Committee on Military Affairs, Hiram Sibley, founder and president of Western Union; and President Franklin Pierce of the United States. The President, with approval of the Russian Ambassador, in 1856 appointed him American Commercial Agent for the Amur River to give standing and official importance to his journey. Collins left at once for Saint Petersburg, now Leningrad, resolved to traverse the Russian empire from west to east and explore the Amur River from source to mouth. Sibley was fired by the San Francisco adventurer's resolve, stating,

'No work costing so little money was ever accomplished by man that will be so important in its results.' Chief attraction of Collins' route was that it lay overland, with no more than a forty-mile submerged cable required across Bering Strait, and thus could easily be kept in repair. He saw the Pacific Ocean as a 'mountain' which could be overcome simply by holding to the natural shoreline. Distance was estimated at 6,000 miles; the





Ancient Tartar monument on the Amur, from Collins' book of his travels across Siberia.

cost no more than ten million dollars. 'In view of the difficulties, physical, mechanical and experimental, it is our conviction that the route which involves the least amount of submerged cable should take preference,' he stated in discussing the comparative merits of the proposed Atlantic Cable and the Overland. 'The round earth shall be encompassed with steam and electricity.'

Collins sailed from New York City for Kronshtadt in the Gulf of Finland and travelled overland to Saint Petersburg and Moscow, where he settled down to seven months of learning the Russian language and ingratiating himself and his dream with Russian officials. He must have been an extraordinarily engaging man, because everywhere, in peasant cottage and palace, he was accepted with enthusiasm and warmth. When snow lay deeply on the frozen land and the season for travel approached, Collins prepared himself by purchasing quantities of red pepper (which he placed in his socks under the impression that it would keep his feet from freezing), Persian insect powder, fur cape and robes in which to wrap himself for sleep in open sleighs and telyagas (wagons, converted by runners to winter travel), a supply of black bread, boiled eggs and other provisions; and set out by a kind of stage-coach route for Irkutsk on 500-mile-long Lake Baikal, his first long layover en route to Chita and the navigable headwaters of the Amur River System.

He kept a careful record of the thirty-five-day journey. Its hardships and dangers must have been staggering, but outside of occasional reference to the need to defrost with generous allotments of vodka while fresh horses were exchanged for the exhausted, tough Siberian ponies, he complains not one whit—not even when sleighs broke through the ice crust of partially frozen river crossings. In this stage of his 3,545-mile-journey from Moscow to Irkutsk, he slept out of the sleigh only three nights in 'warm rooms without bed, but often with plank upon which I spread my robes and made myself comfortable'. He comments continually on the beauty and fascination of the country though the temperature ranged from fifty below zero to ten above. Horses were changed 210 times, requiring over 700 horses for the journey. Collins employed the services of 210 drivers, most of whom he considered 'excellent' even when they smashed his telyagas, and twenty-five postilions, or outriders. Average progress in each 24-hour span was 126 miles. Frequently he discovered 'good housewives' who augmented his supply of foods, providing black bread, eggs, cheese, salt fish and dried meats so that he might 'do very well by my meals'. Russian officials whom he met en route were, without exception, superb hosts from whom he found it most difficult to take leave. Mongolian aristocracy, whom he met in a visit across the border to Ulan Bator, provided a closely restricted interlude of glamour.

At Irkutsk, Collins investigated the practicality of a Siberian railroad uniting this centre of trade with Chita, the head of possible steamboat navigation on the Amur through the heart of Siberia 2,200 miles to the sea. 'A stupendous country!' he enthused. 'A sixth continent to add to the domain of civilization!' Arriving at Chita after perilous passage across frozen Lake Baikal and over the staggering mountain range Yablonovy Khrebet, Collins settled down to await spring and the ice break-up for travel down the Ingodah to the Amur and thence to the sea. He discovered that thirty- to sixty-foot barges plied this route, requiring ninety days to reach the coast. Excited by his first view of this river virtually unknown to the west, he wrote,

'Throw yourself with confidence upon its flowing tide, for upon this generous river shall float navies, richer and more powerful than those of Tarshish; mines shall be found upon its shore richer than those of Ophir, and the timbers of its forests more precious than the Almugim of Scripture; a mighty nation shall rise upon its banks and within its valleys, and at its mouth shall arise a vast city, wherein shall congregate the merchant princes of the earth, seeking the trade of millions of people.' He saw the Amur River as sole entry for Russia to the Pacific seas as contrasted to the Arctic, which he referred to always as 'the Frozen Ocean', quite useless to his ambitious scheme.

At last the ice broke and Collins was off by water. 'It is really enchanting, at night, when all is hushed and still, except the occasional heavy snore of a sleeping Cossack,

to glide, like a phantom bark, along the shores and among the majestic mountains and through the prairies of this wonderful country upon the silent tide of this vast river,' he wrote. His troubles were not over. Repeatedly his oarsmen were helpless against strong winds and they were blown ashore. The craft often came within a wink of capsizing, or was stranded on immense sand bars and lost in *cul-de-sacs* when his captain misjudged the principal current. They were pursued and harried by Mongolian minor officials, who considered Collins 'an outside barbarian' and sought to prevent his passage on the river. Not at all discouraged by unfriendly reception he wrote admiringly of women of a Manchu village, 'They have small delicate hands, and fine teeth. Their color is red, to be sure, yet the color of the peach-bloom is in their cheeks and they are very sprightly and well formed. Being of Mongol blood, their hair and eyes are black, with always the liveliest of expression'. He was overcome with 'vast prairies with grass shoulder-high where the foot of man never before has trod' and stopped frequently to take soil samples, study vegetation, and take ore samples from primitive mines. Often this last required a sprint to the barge and precipitate take-off into the river's current, for Collins discovered treacherous native tribes, 'quite different from Manchoos, Monguls and Tartars, whose members have appropriating propensities as they live in rude and barbarous state and are inclined to pillage and murder'.

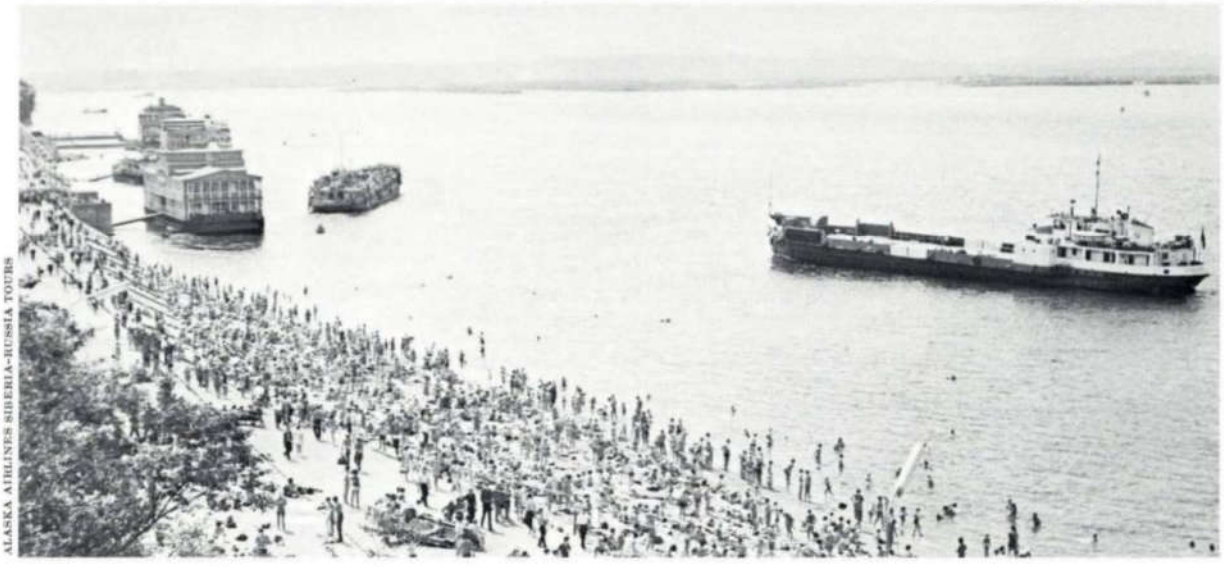
At long last, on 11 July 1857, Collins' barge put in at Nikolaevsk on the Sea of Okhotsk, thirty miles above the Strait of Tartary on the broad delta of the Amur. He was elated to note trading ships, some of them flying the Stars and Stripes, in the harbour. Here he found passage by sail-boat to the island of Sakhalin and to the northernmost Japanese island, Hokkaido, where the bizarre appearance of the first visiting white-skinned westerner caused a real sensation. Surrounded by dense throngs of curious Japanese everywhere he went, Collins sought escape in the countryside and was shocked to discover 'licentiousness carried to the highest pitch'. He wrote: 'The roadside inns and posts are red tea-houses, which indicates that all are houses of ill fame, regulated by law'.

From Japan he travelled north again to Siberia's Kamchatka Peninsula and explored a violent volcanic country of boiling hot springs, 10,000-foot volcanoes in active eruption and tremendous unknown mountain ranges. As always, he made admiring comments on the country's 'buxom damsels with a certain style and flair' though their isolated villages were ten thousand miles from the fashionable shops of Saint Petersburg.

At Petropavlovsk, Collins took passage for the Sandwich Isles (Hawaiian Islands) and end of his journey at San Francisco, looking upon the long ocean voyage as a misery of boredom which he would have to endure. To the impatient 19th century Marco Polo, eager to promote the magnificent plan of connecting vast networks of telegraph lines in Europe and North America, long days of rest in a steamer chair were as unwelcome as any other period of waiting. Besides, he was 44 years of age—half his span on earth now was gone.

Collins thought that commercial nations of the world should unite in construction of the telegraph, and donate it to progress and civilization in hitherto sealed countries. 'It is as if electricity never had been discovered,' he argued. His reasoning won the cooperation of the governments of the United States, Great Britain and Russia. The Directors of the Western Union Telegraph Company paid him for his rights to the Russian-American telegraph, then floated a stock issue to finance the venture. In 1865, the first shipments of wire, glass insulators,

A present day view of the Amur River beach where Collins landed in his barge a century ago.



ALASKA AIRLINES SIBERIA-RUSSIA TOURS

tools and supplies were delivered at New Westminster and Sitka and work was underway.

The engineer-in-chief was Colonel Charles S. Bulkley, former head of the U.S. Army's military telegraph service. For the survey work in British Columbia, Franklin L. Pope, later a partner of Thomas A. Edison was appointed. In Russian-America the distinguished young naturalist Robert Kennicott one of the world's few scientists with northern experience, was in charge of the Scientific Corps. Russian army engineer, Major Serge Abasa, had the Siberian span.

Progress was phenomenal, moving through the wilds of British Columbia at the rate of six miles a day. By the spring of 1865, the fantastic enterprise involved movements of hundreds of men into absolute wilderness and the use of an entire fleet to transport equipment and supplies. First communication sent from the Canadian span of the Overland came from New Westminster.

'We have to announce that the cable is laid (across the Fraser River) and working. It was laid in seven minutes.' Three weeks later came the first message from Hope; 'Send a bottle of champagne to the telegraph office to Mr Conway with the compliments of *Landvoight*'.

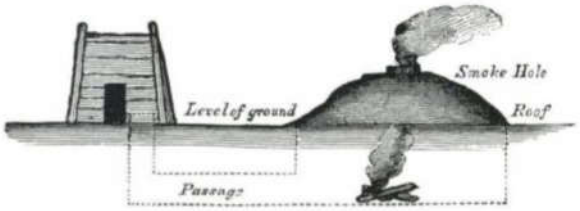
Meanwhile Kennicott was pushing inland from Saint Michael near the mouth of the Yukon, and in Siberia, Major Abasa and three assistants were making extraordinary progress in preliminary surveys. In seven months, in the dead of winter, they covered the immense distance from the mouth of the Amur to the mouth of the Anadyr River, locating route over the entire distance.

The Skeena, Nass, and Stikine Rivers were selected to carry in supplies for survey parties in northern British Columbia. Steamers were used as far upriver as possible, supplies then transferred to Indian canoes and finally to the backs of 150 pack mules and horses. A coast party worked up the Stikine to Shakesville, of which no vestige now remains, taking in the largest cache of rations, insulators and wire. Fifteen stations were built through British Columbia as far north as the upper Kispiox River. From the Bulkley River in February of 1866 surveyors reached the headwaters of the Stikine, travelling overland some 500 miles in seventy days despite terrible hardship and privation. Telegraph Creek, a small tributary stream at the lower end of the Grand Canyon of the Stikine, just above the supply dump at Shakesville, was named as the spot where the line would cross and head north via Teslin Lake into Russian-America. Streams were bridged, swamps were corduroyed, forests were cleared to an average twenty-foot width to make trail fit for the horses, boats were built for river crossings, and in British Columbia alone, 9,246 poles were cut, trimmed and erected twenty-four to the mile. The work employed 500 skilled men in addition to hundreds of packers, trail builders, loggers and labourers. Collins exulted, 'We constructed a first class line, omitting nothing that would make it a good working and durable line, overcoming all obstacles'.

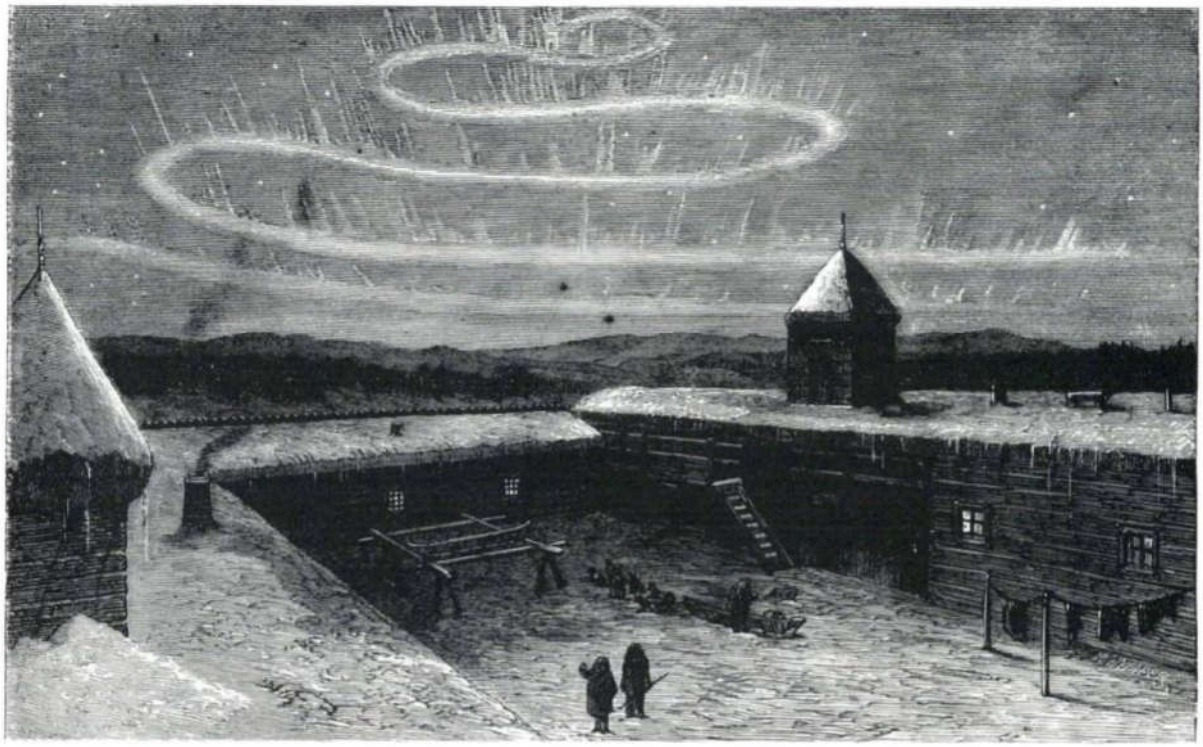
The line simply terminated in wilderness, twenty-five miles up the Kispiox, abandoned officially in late March of 1867, its poles hung with black cloth. The miles of the telegraph line served some purpose. As far north as Quesnel, the line came into active commercial operation and was extended into Barkerville during the Gold Rush in that exciting community. The Canadian government leased it from Western Union in 1871, rebuilding and extending lines in the Cariboo country. North of Quesnel it was let go to wrack and ruin.

Years later, during the Klondike Gold Rush, a telegraph line was extended north from Ashcroft, British Columbia, and south from Dawson City in the Yukon, thus establishing the first continuous telegraphic communication from southern British Columbia to Yukon Territory. It was completed in 1901, thirty-four years after Collins' great effort, yet the planned routes and surveys of the Collins Overland were employed.

As the telegraph approached, the town of Telegraph Creek grew up. The Hudson's Bay Company post at Glenora downriver was taken apart and hauled over the ice on horse sleighs. Re-erected at Telegraph Creek, it still sees service. After a few years' operation, the telegraph line to Dawson washed out above Hazelton and never was repaired. The old Western Union office at Telegraph Creek, once heart of the service, now is a radio station in



A Malemute Indian sketched by Whymper near the Unalakleet River, and above, an underground winter house shared with the artist by its Indian owner.



The northern lights at Nulato, 1866.

touch with the outside world. Sportsmen learned about this Cassiar country with the good hunting for moose, caribou, bear and mountain goats, and especially rare Fannin and Stone wild mountain sheep.

Fate of the Siberian line was kinder. Russia completed its section and extended it to Nagasaki, Shanghai and Hong Kong. It became a busy commercial service. The British built an extension from the cross-Siberia line into India, extending it to all major cities.

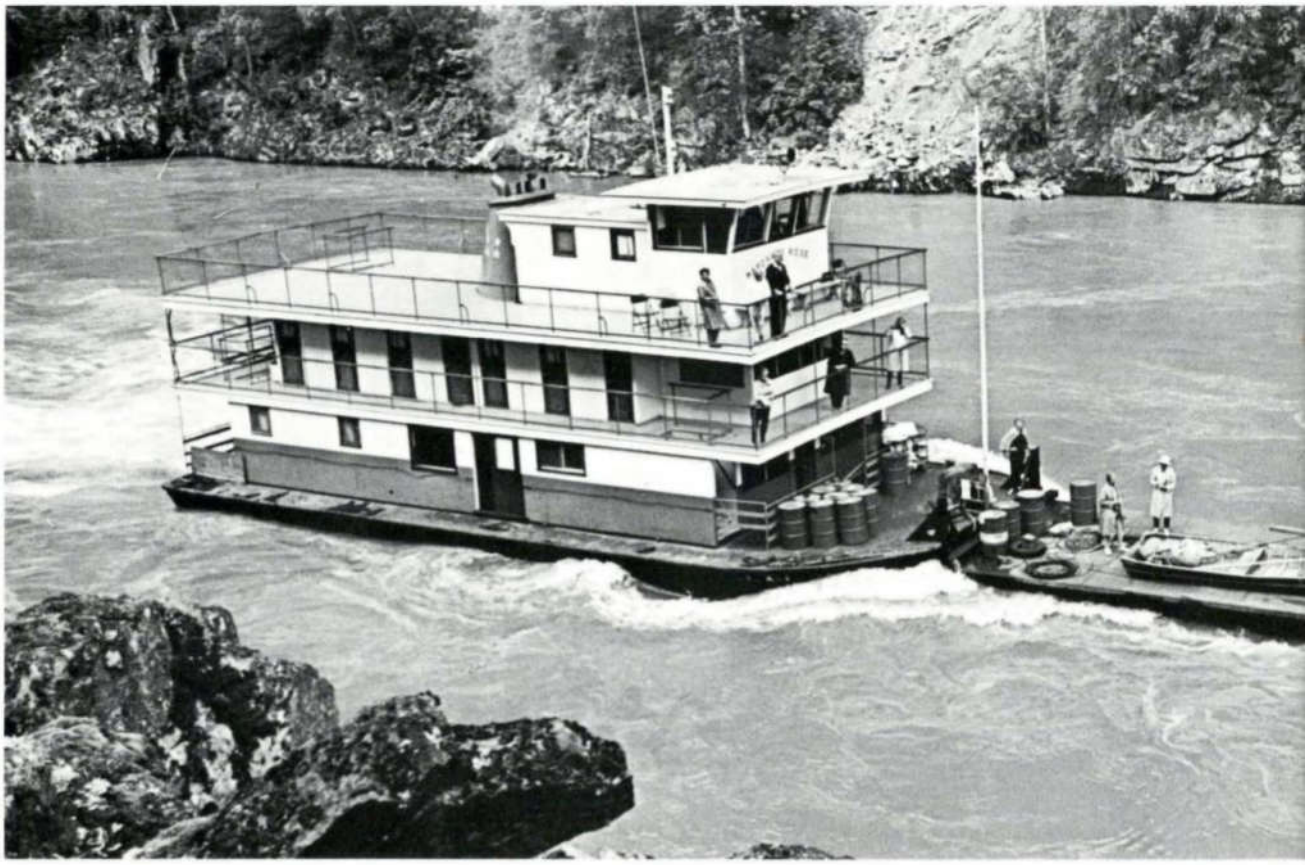
In the Canadian wilds crumbling cabins of lonely operators on the line still may be found. Each was occupied by two men, a telegrapher and lineman who patrolled the wire for sixteen miles each way, connecting with the operator or lineman at the halfway cabin to the next post. Often these men were trappers, hunters and prospectors because the sixteen-mile trips, always along the same routes, were less irksome with trap lines to check for fox and marten. They saw no visitors except for an occasional passing Indian and the pack trains that brought supplies in summer. Each day at 8 p.m. the silence was broken for exactly five minutes and the world came to these isolated cabins, often buried under as much as twelve feet of snow in the winter months. An operator at Vancouver clicked over the wire the headlines of the daily newspapers. In their loneliness, their scant books, papers and magazines read again and again, the men were reduced to entertaining themselves by shooting field mice that ran up the interior walls of the cabins!

I long thought there must be some memorial, some mark of the dream of Major Perry McDonough Collins in the north country, and determined to look for it at Telegraph Creek on the Stikine, reached by the riverboat *Margaret Rose* out of Wrangell, Alaska, at the river's mouth. I had a good look at the *Margaret Rose*, a sixty-five-foot three-deck charmer like a miniature Mississippi River showboat, when she crossed Wrangell's harbour to pick up her twenty-six river cruise passengers.

In the past, Captain Ed Callbreath and the *Margaret Rose* have carried astronauts, titled Europeans, mountain climbers bound for soaring Kates Needle and the Devils Thumb, senators and scientists, miners and millionaires, grizzly bear hunters and kayak clubs which ride the ship upriver and whoosh back down by paddle. I was first to look for signs of the historic telegraph line in many years.

The *Margaret Rose* long since has acquired a list of annual passengers; including former Secretary of the Interior, Walter J. Hickel and the 'moss man' who turns up every break-up from the University of British Columbia to collect specimens from the Stikine's rain forest. Captain Callbreath, third-generation descendant of the first Scots settler in Telegraph Creek country, is one of the few men in Alaska who now know the Stikine, which plunges down in milky flood out of immense snow fields of the Coast Mountains of British Columbia. Its flow is accelerated by tributary rivers rising among great peaks and spires that surge to 10,000 feet.

Round trip of the *Margaret Rose* is about 350 miles—three days upriver as far as flow conditions permit at a



The 'Margaret Rose' pushes upstream with engines full out.

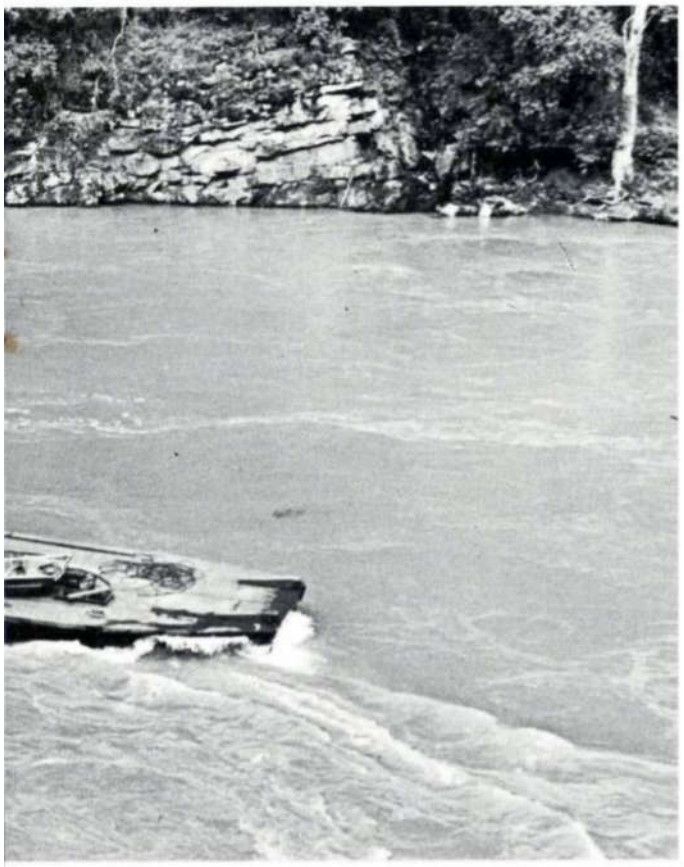
sedate maximum four and a half knots against current that sometimes hits fourteen miles an hour, with a climb of 560 feet in elevation in great stairstep rapids; one downstream day at an exhilarating fourteen knots. Pushing a nose-barge ahead for freight, to cut down the bow wave, and as a sort of shallow-draft feeler for silt flats, the *Margaret Rose* runs only in daylight, tying up each night at a sandbar well out in the river both to escape mosquitoes and to dissuade curious bears from climbing aboard. We missed nothing in the long, twenty-hour daylight of summer on a route that extends from the wet, heavily glaciated coast to dry interior ranch country.

Tlingit Indians named this river Stah-keena, the Great River, and travelled it upstream for centuries to catch and smoke salmon and make war on the milder Tahltan and Nahani tribes. Russia established a stockade on Wrangell Island at the mouth, and with the aid of a brigantine of fourteen guns sought to prevent the Hudson's Bay Company from trading on the river in the early 19th century. The Stikine is a treaty river under joint jurisdiction of Alaska and British Columbia. Neither government can dam it, divert it or stop navigation upon it without approval of the other.

Three great gold rushes into the interior—Buck Choquette's placer gold strike in 1861 on sandbars caught in the mighty flow of the Stikine, discoveries at Dease Creek, Thibert and McDame in the Cassiar Mountains in 1873, and the Klondike Gold Rush of 1897-8—sent lappings of human tide from the Stikine as far as the Liard, Yukon, and Mackenzie to the Arctic seas. But probably strangest of all was the frenetic and unfulfilled activity of Collins' Overland Telegraph in the 1860s. Even in this day, I found abandoned remnants of the herculean labour, slashed forest, half-buried pits of cached material, rotting log trails over muskeg, and the tell-tale blue-green insulators as decorative path markers in a Telegraph Creek garden!

Navigation today through the maze of channels in the eight-mile-wide delta out of Wrangell and up the river is at low ebb. Instead of the Collins boats, the sixteen steamers of Gold Rush days, the countless dog and ox teams and man-drawn sleds packing trail on the deep ice of winter through ten-foot snows, there was till this year the *Margaret Rose* and the camps of Gus Adamson, and his maintenance men employed to keep the river clear of obstructions for the riverboat.

Despite all the talk of the violence of the Stikine, which has a long record of mishap and murder on its broad bosom, the river looked calm, the colour of a chocolate milk shake typical of silted northern rivers with a queer,



D. CONNELLY

oily quality of welling surface as if the whole river is about to boil over like an unwatched kettle of jelly. Jams of deadheads spewed roostertails, as did our stern. Captain Callbreath put out lounge chairs on the top sundeck, but most passengers sprawled on the push-barge because here the deceptive power of the current was most apparent. I was amazed to discover that the river climbs visibly and wells up, lifting and rounding at its centre, so that the *Margaret Rose* appeared in imminent peril of slipping sideways as well as being pushed backwards. Running full out, we crawled upstream foot by foot. Sometimes shoreside scenery stood absolutely still for long minutes at river spans where the *Margaret Rose* often must winch herself up. That first luminous midnight when we tied in at the snout of Great Glacier, I waded out from the shallows and discovered that I could not stand at greater than ankle-depth in the bitter cold glacial torrent without support!

Five tremendous glaciers descend almost to the river:—the mightiest, Great Glacier, was eighteen miles long and 700 feet thick with snout four and a half miles wide. The river once flowed underneath Great and Choquette Glaciers, now in retreat well up the bank. I counted cirque glaciers to 113 and finally lost count. Most spectacular peak is Kates Needle, 10,002 feet in altitude —not commemorating the knitting prowess of a pioneer wife, but named for a surveyor. River banks are covered with dense, impenetrable cottonwoods rising to unbroken green-black spruce forests, flowered alpine meadows, and finally bare rock and ice.

Unlike most impresarios Captain Callbreath, in personality a wonderful combination of Tahltan taciturnity and Anglo-Saxon competency, runs on no split-second schedule but adapts to the river and the whims of his passengers. From the push-barge we had only to call, 'Hey Ed! Grizzlies!' and the *Margaret Rose* immediately nosed into the nearest bank. He put me off to search for signs of the telegraph at Shakesville, now no more than a legend with elders of the Indian tribes, and to clamber up stark black basalt walls to photograph the boat locked in combat with the river in wild, narrow canyons. He stopped for exploration of crumbling cabins of homesteaders and trappers, undisturbed except by the silent return of forest tangle since death or departure of their lonely builders. We left untouched overalls still pegged to rotting clotheslines, snowshoes still propped at doorsills and pots of long-fried food still on rusted wood stoves.

The captain pulled up fast for a fantastic field of wild orchids taking over one-time mule pastures of Groundhog Jackson, a prospector who died in 1947; and stopped for poking around the abandoned Canadian Border Station where raw gold once was weighed out. For some reason, one-time gardens, now head-high with Sitka roses, cow parsnip and devil's club, were carpeted with frogs of all kinds, battalions of them leaping eerily from under our cautious feet.

We beat our way past the Three Sisters, wicked rock barriers to navigation, and hung for perilous minutes on a silent, deadly hump of current just below the final tie-up at the town of Telegraph Creek.

Piled up steep river benches, Telegraph Creek is famous out of all proportion to its size. Winter population, including its H B C people and its lone Mountie, is almost sixty, mostly Indian. In summer, there are visiting sportsmen and traditionally the population leaps to two or three hundred in the time of ripening berries and spawning salmon which are smoke-dried quickly in the warm, dry air just as they have been for centuries. I climbed up the hills behind the town and talked with oldsters whose memories of the line through to Dawson City during the Klondike Gold Rush remain keen. No one but the RCMP officer had heard of Perry Collins.

Soon a highway will penetrate this lost land from seaport Stewart, northermost British Columbia port on Portland Canal, to the heavily mineralized Cassiar Mountains and copper deposits on the Chutine and the Stikine. Much of the route is that slashed through the forest and mapped through the Skeena Mountains by Overland crews! Perhaps some day an historic marker will be placed in here to the memory of a tall, red-bearded, blue-eyed visionary who saw one world bound continent to continent with singing telegraph wire. ◆

A MEMORY OF THE NORTH

In the summer 1969, six men flew to the head-waters of the Dubawnt River about a hundred miles north of Uranium City to begin a 750-mile canoe trip through the Barren Lands to Baker Lake. This impression of their journey was written by George Luste of California; the photographs are by the author and two of his companions, R. Irwin of Montreal and R. Herendeen of Ithaca, New York.

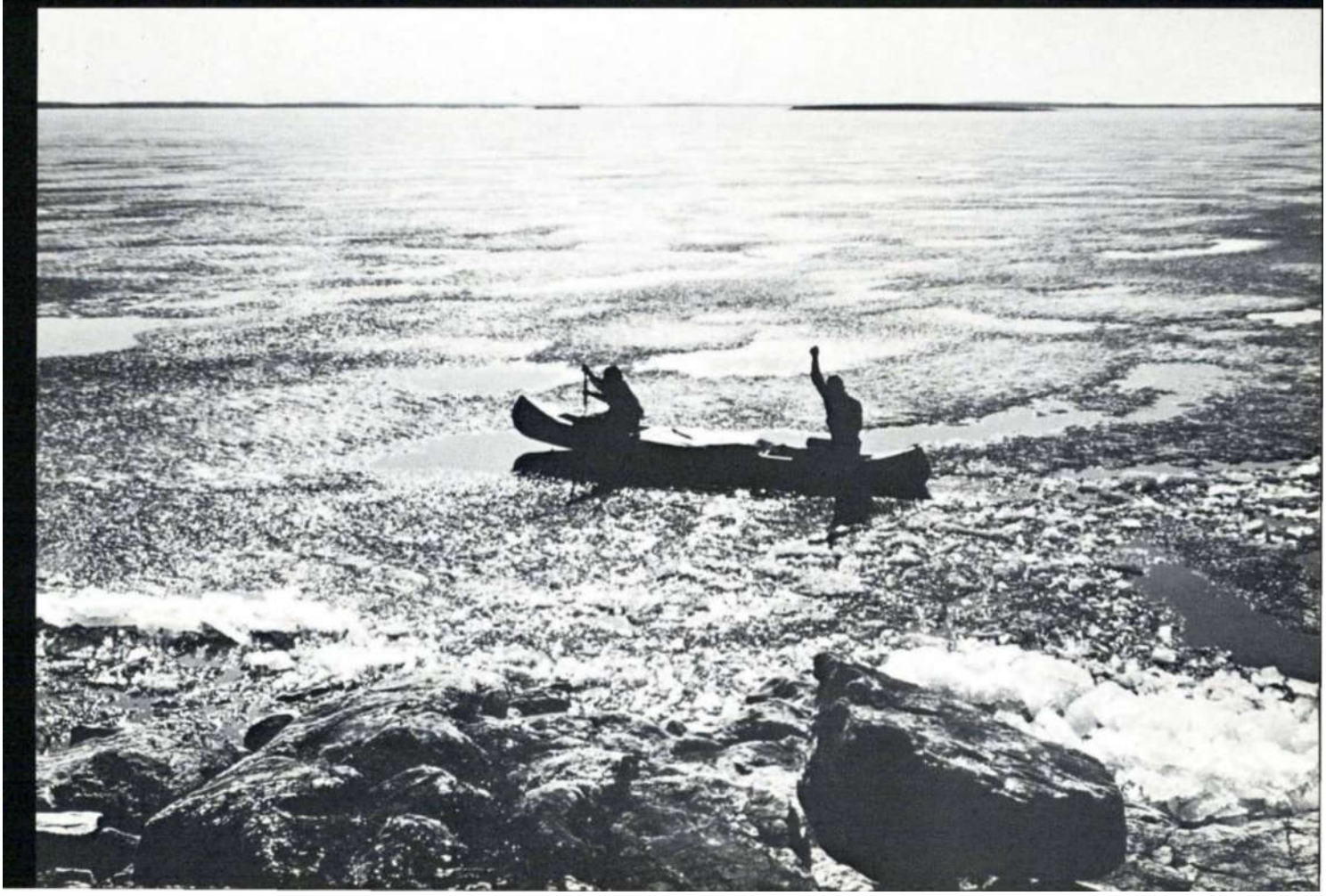
MAN SPEAKS

We came to the North with canoes
and the summer sun . . .
and were swallowed into the land . . .
so immense . . . so lonely . . .
. . . so barren . . . so beautiful.

A land cloaked in growth and grass
and water and sky . . .
and more of the same
as far as the eye could reach . . .
overwhelms the spirits of the
solitary visitor.

A land so warm and kind
could turn to chill and ice . . .
or cover the waters with wind tossed
white . . .
and punish the weak or foolish
with an icy tomb . . .
whispered 'beware' in our ear.

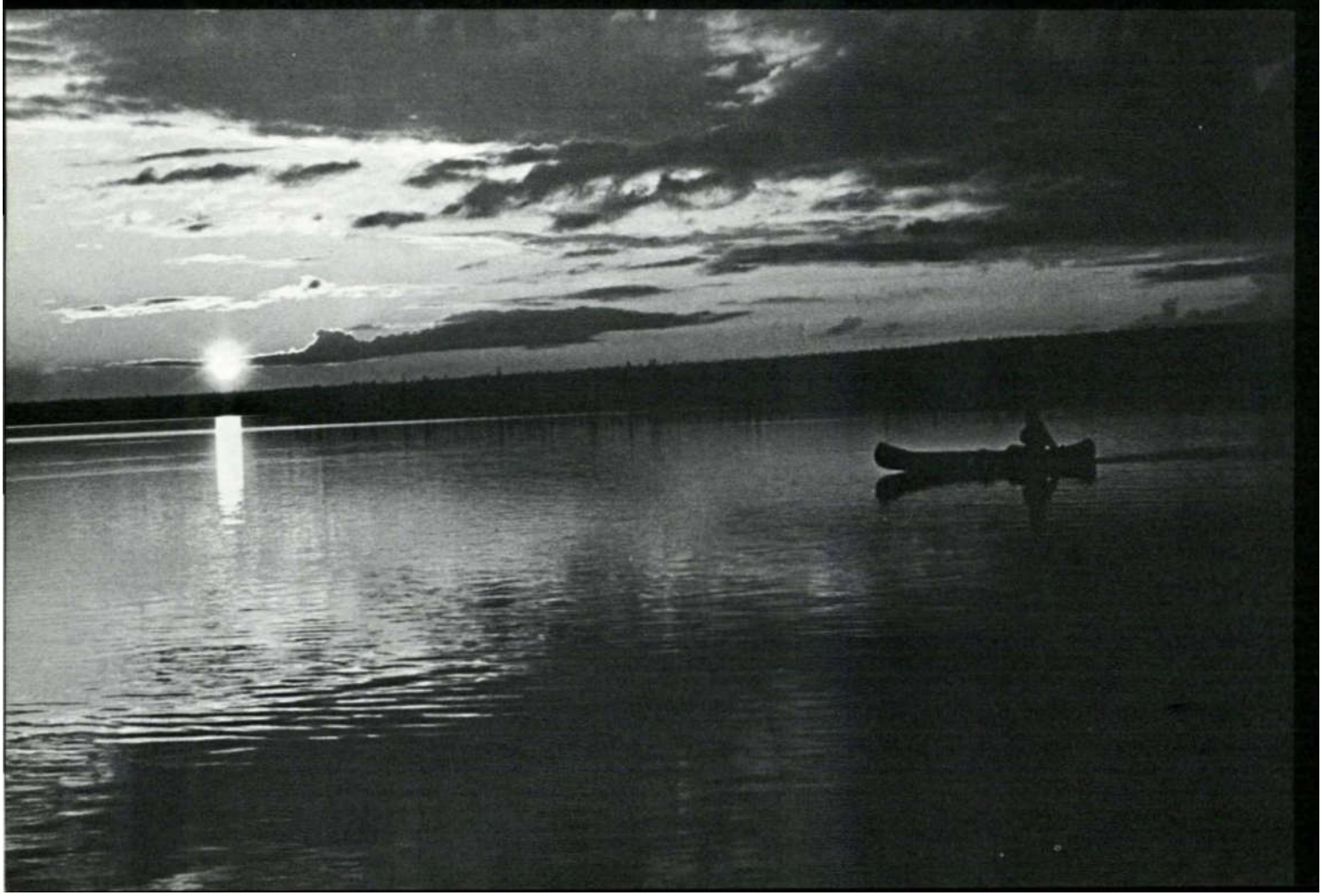
We bent our backs into the wind . . .
under the sun or rain . . .
with the portage pack . . .
across the late ice . . .
down the Dubawnt to Baker Lake.



THE LAND SPEAKS

I am and you must receive me as I am.
When we meet . . . do not come
with hope or a faint heart . . .
    accept each day
    do your best
    there are no guarantees.

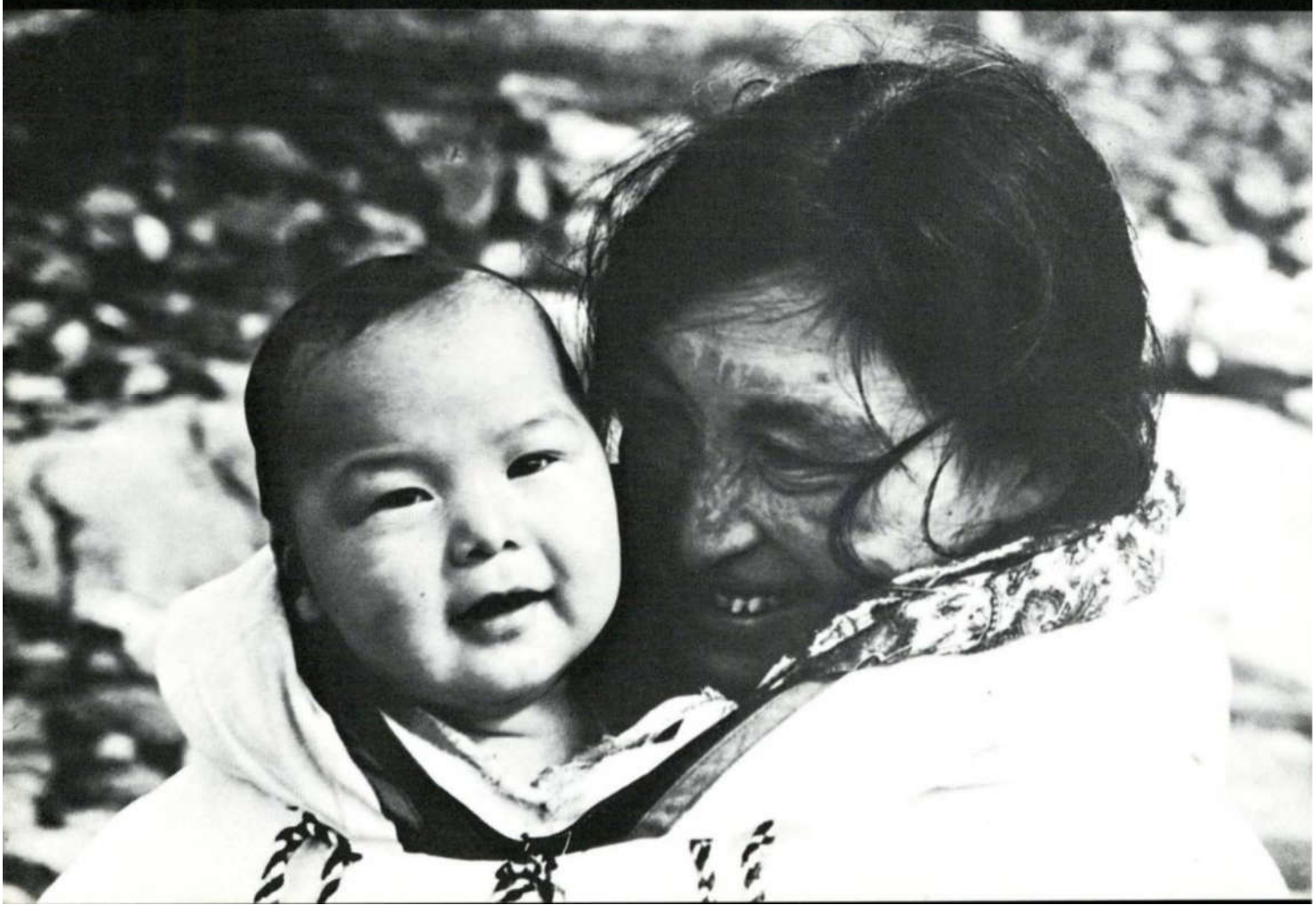
Take care . . .
avoid the seething rapids
and sleep soundly on the soft moss . . .
dreaming . . . of glorious sunsets
and what the morrow may bring.



A few frail footprints
were left by those before you.
A decayed cabin . . .
moans of endless
frozen winter nights.
A stone image . . .
silently communes
from someone long ago.
A child's grave on a hilltop . . .
is blest with tears
of love and sacrifice.

The birds and fish
the animals
the Inuit
they are my family.
Fragile, innocent of evil and avarice . . .
treat them gently as you pass.

But an ominous change
blows with the south wind.
'How long can I be as I am?
Will your children's children
recognize my face . . . your memory?'



Robert Forsyth, his three aunts and his mother (far right), 1912.

HOMESTEADING ON THE CARROT RIVER

As told by Robert Forsyth to Alva Morrison

TRAGEDY HAS A WAY of sinking our roots even deeper into whatever soil they are set in. But such was hardly the case with my family. Had it not been for my father's illness, my brothers and I might still be settled happily at Wroxeter on the banks of the Maitland River in Ontario. In the early nineties, the Northwest Territories were opening up. New land in what was to become Saskatchewan could be had for $10 to $25. The stories told of fabulous harvests. The prairie sod lay waiting for those with energy and ambition; fortunes were in store for the man who seized the opportunity. One by one my uncles and aunts pulled up stakes. Their letters, which my mother sometimes read aloud, told of strange and wonderful things. I begged my parents to join them. But father's job was a good one. Schools were few and far between in the wild west. It would be foolish to sacrifice both for something that was, at best, a dream. As things turned out I never finished the eighth grade.

In the spring of 1900, father was stricken with spinal meningitis and everything suddenly changed. He was in bed for eight months and the doctors said he could never go back to the mill. Fresh air and the out of doors were prescribed and at harvest time in 1901 he decided to head West. It was more than two years before we saw him again. He visited Prince Albert where two brothers, three sisters and his mother had settled. Thomas Sanderson, a brother-in-law, had come west before the rebellion in '85 and acquired land at Kinistino in the Carrot River Valley. By 1900 he owned two sections of land in one block. He also had a saw mill and store fifty miles southwest on the Barrier River. He hired father to look after his interests there. The original settlers had built log huts with sod roofs. Because of constant dampness, these soon deteriorated, especially the supporting beams. As a result, the demand for houses of lumber and shingle roofs was booming.

In 1903, when I was eight, father at last was able to arrange for us to join him. We were packing for departure in May when tragedy again intervened. John caught diphtheria. By the time anti-toxin was rushed from Toronto all the family had it. It arrived in time to save the rest of us, but John died.

The quarantine lasted for six weeks and it wasn't until September that we finally got away. The trip to Prince Albert took four days. I can't remember how many times we changed trains, but we had to move our bedding each time. The lunch box, with all the food for the journey, got lost in a train wreck in Northern Ontario. At Winnipeg we changed to an unheated 'Colonist' coach. It was only September, but we ran into six inches of snow in Brandon. We spent more than two days in below freezing temperatures before the train pulled into Prince Albert and we found our relatives, among them Tom Sanderson, waiting on the platform.

Late in the afternoon of the second day's wagon ride, we sighted a cluster of buildings huddled together on the east bank of the Carrot River: Kinistino. The fort, built at the time of the rebellion eighteen years before, was still standing, but no trace of this settlement remains today. In March of 1905, when the railroad announced it would

ARCHIVES OF SASKATCHEWAN

A homesteader's sod house (below), and a log house with a sod roof.

by-pass the town, every building was fitted with skids. One by one, each was pushed down the bank of the river onto the ice. With horses pulling and men pushing, they slithered two miles downstream to the railroad where they were hauled out and the present town laid out.

We turned south. I had my first view of Mount Nebo, and Tom Sanderson's home. Father was still fifty miles away at the Barrier River and we would stay at Mount Nebo until he could finance a homestead. The view never ceased to fascinate me. After the intimate little hills and valleys and the seas of leafy branches which engulfed our house in Ontario, I was presented with an horizon as sharp as a knife. It stretched away to such distance that it left a hollow ache. The low ridge to the west had a blue cast. When winter came, the contrast was even sharper against the snow. Sub-zero weather turned it grey, but a change to deep blue signalled a warming trend. Months passed before I could accustom my mind to the dimensions of this vast new land. What I used to count in yards, this country measured in miles. People thought no more of a fifty-mile trip to Prince Albert than we had of Wroxeter to Wingham, just ten miles.

By 1903 hardly a decent homestead was to be had. Rumours of a railroad topping the Carrot River Valley from Manitoba brought a swarm of settlers. Only even numbered sections had been opened for homesteading and, even if much land was vacant, little was available. The large land companies such the Hudson's Bay Company, the Manitoba Land Company and others still owned much of the valley. The Hudson's Bay Company had been granted section 8 and 26 in every township. Tom Sanderson had picked out a homestead for father, a mile south of his own farm. To forestall cancellation proceedings by other homestead seekers, he broke five acres, and erected a small shed.

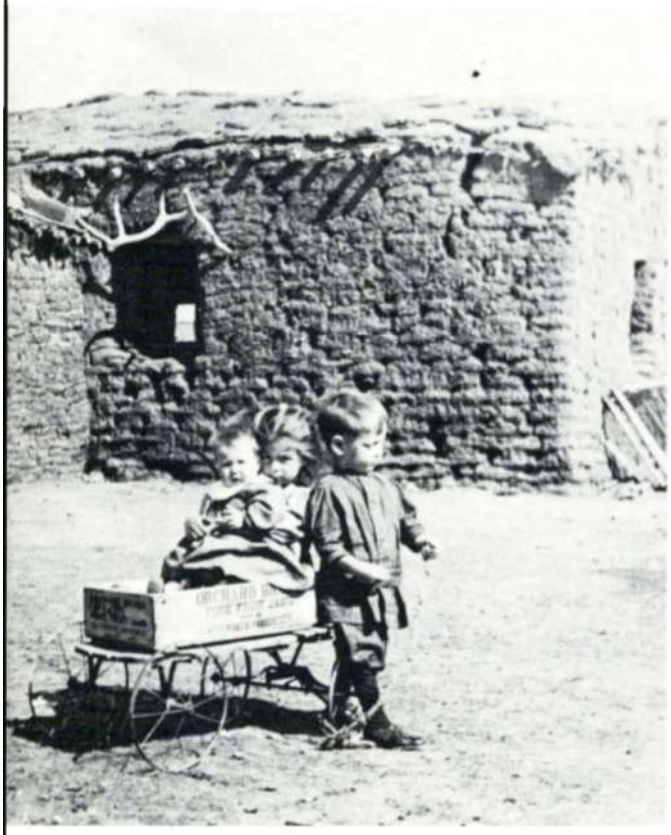
The Homestead Act required improvements such as a house. The homesteader was required to live on his new property six months of the year for three consecutive years and had to break fifteen acres during that time.

Sleeping on the place seemed to fulfil the residence requirements. A man I knew in Kinistino walked five miles to sleep on his land every night for six months of the year. Professional 'home traders', as we called them, were not uncommon. Lawyers or teachers would file on a piece of land and then hire the breaking and cropping. Most often they had to find another 'trader' to do their work. We real residents couldn't be hired.

In 1905 father left the Barrier River and started clerking for Sanderson at his new store in Kinistino. He still

lacked horses or machinery to work the farm but, of course, he wanted to get home weekends. He bought a frail roan gelding and an old cart. A couple of loose boards with a sheepskin served as the seat. I was then eleven years old and was given the job of fetching him Saturday nights and taking him back Monday morning. The store didn't close until 10 p.m. and I usually fell asleep waiting. Then it was seven and one half miles over a dark road and nearly midnight before I could get into bed. At least I saw more of town. I had missed the coming of the railroad and the first train.

In the '90s only a few acres on each homestead were cropped. The distance to market was so great that little was shipped and few settlers had reserve cash. Acquisition of horses, purchase of machinery and the building of frame homes cost more than most people received from



the sale of grain and livestock. The long awaited railroad worked a wonderful change in the Carrot River economy. Mortgages were redeemed and much new land was broken. Freight to the far away lakehead was high, of course, and getting rich a slow process. Beyond the railroad, roads were little more than trails. They wound around the low spots because rain turned them into mud holes in which horses would sink to their knees. If they weren't too deep, roads could be put across the sloughs. The spot was covered with brush during the wintertime. The following summer, sods turned up with a plough were hauled by stone boat and thrown onto the brush. The brush prevented the sods from sucking into the water and becoming waterlogged. After that, earth could be added to make a good grade.

Oxen were great for grubbing and pulling brush—much better than horses. As they tightened the logging chain and the willow bent over, we would cut the roots with an axe. As each was severed, the oxen would feel less resistance and would dig in and pull like fury. The tree never came down with a crash and the oxen seemed to enjoy having it brush their backs and drive off the mosquitoes. Finally, out would come willow bunch, root and all. We think of the ox as a joke nowadays, but the plodding animal deserves much of the credit for the tough job of breaking our prairie sod. At that time a 1400-pound horse cost $200. Homesteaders starting from scratch could get a pair of oxen for $150. When they were ready to switch to horses, they found the ox fattened well and sold quickly for beef.

It wasn't until 1906 that we started breaking on our homestead. The winter of 1906-07 was an exceptionally long and cold one. By spring, snow was two feet deep and patches lasted until June. We boys borrowed a drill and got the freshly broken area down to seed. But crops were late because of the late spring and frost caught us before the grain matured. A neighbour cut what was left and we were soon stacking our first crop. At that time we depended on being threshed by the steam outfits that moved from farm to farm. After long weeks of waiting, we got word that Fred Wilton was on his way to our place. The caboose in which the pitchers slept arrived, but no sign of the outfit. A day came and went and our excitement turned to anxiety. At last, after still another day the big steam engine and the separator lumbered into sight around a far bend. A minor breakdown had put them behind and they didn't waste time on our few stacks. The bin for oats in our little log granary was up to the brim, but the side for wheat was less than half filled. Poor results didn't dampen our spirits. We had threshed our first wheat and were real pioneers!

By 1908 the branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce had a staff of two: manager and teller. Late one September night the teller, who lived upstairs over the bank, sounded the alarm. He heard a noise and had come down to investigate, carrying an oil lamp. A shot was fired that grazed his left temple, inflicting visible, but not painful, powder burns. The robbers got away with a considerable sum. The search party, some mounted, some afoot, beat through the bushes and galloped off down the roadways that lead into town—all without results. The police found a cash box with the currency under the stair in the bank building, but $300 in silver was still missing. Suspicion now fell on the bank clerk himself and he was brought to trial in Prince Albert. The police claimed that the teller had fired the gun himself. But nothing could be got out of the young man and he was acquitted. Ralph

The commercial section of Kinistino, 1903.

Connor, the faithful village scavenger, found the silver in the chemical closet of the bank and cleaned every piece. He didn't receive a penny for the job nor was he rewarded for recovering the money.

Pioneers are strong minded men. When settlers gathered at the store, arguments were frequent. The route of the railroad was a sore point, as were school districts, their boundaries and the extent of taxation. I'll never forget one of those fights. One fall day in 1903, my uncle Tom Sanderson and his wife had taken us to town. Charles Robertson and his wife were in the village also. Mrs Sanderson and Mrs Robertson were having a friendly chat on the steps of Kearns' store when we heard a great commotion next door. Sanderson and Robertson, were locked in combat. Robertson grabbed my uncle by the throat and began backing him out of the store. As he was pushed through the door, Tom put his hand out for support. Perhaps he noticed the shot gun leaning against the casing. When his hand came against the gun, he grabbed it and soon both men were spinning around in the street each with a hand on the barrel trying to keep it pointed away from himself. Mrs Robertson shook both fists in the air and screamed for someone to stop them. Mrs Sanderson viewed the scene serenely:

'Don't get excited. They'll cool off', she said. Just then Robertson, a great hulk of a man, wrenched the gun away from Sanderson and that was that.

Some fights had more serious consequences. In 1905 a farmer named Anderson was found dead on the road leading north out of town. His team and wagon reached home without him. At first, people said he had fallen out of the wagon injuring himself fatally. The verdict of the inquest, however, was that he had met his death at the hands of persons unknown. A long overcoat was lying, quite unrumpled, under him indicating that his body had been carried to where it was lying. The preceding evening had seen a violent quarrel in the bar of the hotel. Anderson had been objecting to certain parties using a road across his land.

Right of access provoked the bitterest fights of all. As the country was settled, many old trails that wandered back and forth, following the higher land, were fenced off. The local districts couldn't begin to build the roads needed. No 'herd' law existed in those days and land with crops had to be fenced. Rather than fence in several small fields, some farmers would fence their whole quarter, which was one hundred and sixty acres.

The first rural telephone company was formed in 1913. The following year a three-circuit switchboard was installed in McNeill's store. No regular operator was necessary. The clerk answered the rings and connected the circuits when he wasn't waiting on customers. With things that modern, you might have thought the homesteading days were over. I was eighteen. That fall I learned that a quarter in section 21 was being given up. It was a clear level piece, no potholes, nor willow bluffs. The owner had broken ten acres and had built a log shack. If I got it, all I'd have to do would be to break five acres, live on it for three years and it would be mine.

On January 2nd, I went to the land office in Prince Albert only to learn that the quarter wouldn't be open until the 11th. I decided to spend the week there with my Uncle Bob who expressed great interest in my quest. On the 11th I went back and this time the clerk said the quarter would have to be thrown open and advertised for ten days before anyone could file. Uncle Bob advised me to stay in town where I could keep close watch. He told me to get some heavy underwear and a warm sweater because I might have to spend the last night waiting at the door. The ten days ended at midnight on Thursday and the land would be available when the office door opened at 9.30 a.m. Friday.

The preceding Tuesday I was skating on the river when I saw my cousin racing along the bank at top speed.

'Get your skates off,' she cried. 'Someone else is after your section; they're already at the office.' Uncle Bob worked in the dry goods store. He had sold some blankets to a man from Kinistino who said he needed them for bedding at the land office. Uncle Bob questioned him casually. He was going to wait for a land opening and was sure he'd get it since few people were smart enough to know about camping in the office. It was Stanley

Newman; he was after the same section I was. I didn't see him when I reached the office, but I saw a cow hide rolled up in the anteroom. I asked the clerk if I could wait at the door.

'Wait if you like,' he said, 'but it won't give you priority. First man through that door Friday gets it.' I left to find Newman in the anteroom dozing comfortably in a folding camp chair. He knew I was from Kinistino.

'You after section 21?'

'Yes.'

'Well, that's just too bad, sonny. You might as well pack up and go home. When I go after a thing I always get it.'

'I've been here since January 2nd,' I replied. 'I might as well stay a few more days and watch you succeed.'

It was going to be a long wait: two days and three nights. My cousin brought a chair, but Newman had already placed himself so close to the door that people could hardly squeeze by. Someone took my place at mealtime. Uncle Bob came in the morning before work and my cousin Dave at noon. They took turns at supper.

I stayed awake most of the first night trying to figure a way to get my hand on that door knob Friday morning. I asked Uncle Bob to send a message to my brother Dodd. If only I could get word to him in time, he might come to Prince Albert and help. The office closed at five. If he arrived twenty minutes before, he could be the last one out and just hang on to the knob. We had no telephone and I didn't see how I could reach him in time. Uncle Bob said:

'Leave it to me. I've a friend in Kinistino. I'll get him on the long distance telephone and ask him to pick up the letter I'll mail today and drive it out to your farm.'

It was a complicated relay, but all went well and I got word that Dodd had arrived on the Thursday train. The day dragged on. Twenty minutes to five came and went. No Dodd. The hands of the clock crept up closer to the hour, fifteen, ten, five minutes. I could see my homestead about to disappear. Finally, at two minutes to five, he strode in. We pretended not to recognize each other. I could hear him talking to the clerk. He asked if he could apply for the patent on his homestead but the clerk said it was closing time. As Dodd walked out, the lock snapped shut behind him and he just stood there holding the knob.

Newman sensed something was afoot. I told him the man was my brother and that we would take turns until next morning. I really felt sorry when I saw the change in his face. His brother-in-law had relieved him only a few times—not regularly as I had been. He didn't get any supper at all the last night. The front door wasn't locked and about two a.m. a policeman poked his head in and growled: 'You're arrested.' Newman and I both sprang to our feet. I turned out he had only asked: 'Are you resting?' We drowsed on and a little before 9.30 a.m. I took over the door knob for the last time. Just then cousin Dave came in and four of us were piled up against

Forsyth, surrounded by his hired hands, with a steam traction engine hired for threshing grain.

the door. Somehow, in the squeeze, Newman managed to pry my fingers off the knob, but I had my face right in the door jamb. At last we heard the key in the lock and the door opened inward a few inches. The clerk kept his foot against it so as to admit only one person at a time. The arms of a long settee blocked my way and I couldn't get by. The pressure built up behind me until both settee and I were shot across the office and against the counter with a splintering crash. Newman was hollering:

'Not fair. Not fair. Three against one.' The girls leapt up from their typewriters and scurried into a back room, but the clerk stood calmly as ever behind the counter. I rattled off the legal description of the land, but Newman was making such a racket that the clerk shook his head, put one hand to his ear and leaned toward me.

'What did you say?' he shouted. He still couldn't hear so he pointed a finger at me and bellowed:

'This gentleman was here first.' Newman quieted down and the clerk asked me to put a price on the improvements. As soon as I had signed the papers, Newman exclaimed that he was going to fight it. He said I hadn't included a set of building logs beside the shack. I went back and told the clerk I had overlooked the logs, but he said it didn't matter. If I hadn't paid enough I'd be billed for more, if I'd paid too much I'd get a refund.

It wasn't until the end of July that I was able to get at the job of breaking on my new homestead. It was the last time I used oxen. The sod roof wouldn't turn much rain so I slept in a tent and made my campfire outside. I had boiled potatoes for dinner. For breakfast and supper I fried the potatoes together with bacon and eggs. I was completely isolated on my land. After war was declared, more than two weeks went by before a neighbour brought me the news. He described a navy battle, but was much more excited about the price of wheat. It was going up like a skyrocket. At eighteen I was the sole owner of an entire quarter section of the best wheat land in all Saskatchewan. What could an argument between two countries no bigger than townships far overseas mean to me? ◆

NORTHERN BOOKS

BEYOND THE RIVER AND THE BAY

By Eric Ross. University of Toronto Press. 1970. 190 pp. 9 maps. $8.50.

Reviewed by Glyndwr Williams

Professor Ross's book is a self-confessed scholarly 'spoof', calculated to raise the hackles of professional historians and geographers with its invention of an imaginary author writing in 1811 on conditions in the Canadian Northwest. In some hands this literary device might have resulted in the romanticized, semi-fictional account in which fur-trade literature abounds; here, it is used with a scrupulous attention to historical accuracy which has produced a book of outstanding interest and readability.

Doubts about the book's legitimacy are already fading by the end of the preface, where Professor Ross explains the reason for the choice of 1811 as the date of alleged composition. The great explorers of the Canadian North—Hearne, Mackenzie, Thompson and the rest—had by now completed their discoveries and their journals; the struggle between the North West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company was at its height; the first agricultural settlers had just arrived at Hudson Bay en route for Red River, forerunners of an influx which in the end was to swamp the fur-trade. Nor are lingering fears that the book might turn out to be a mere travelogue borne out. More than half is devoted to a critical analysis of the personnel of the fur-trade, communication and supply problems, and relations with the Indians. Later sections describe York Factory, Prince of Wales's Fort at Churchill, and Fort William, and follow the river routes from these 'ports of entry' to the vast fur-trade hinterland of the Saskatchewan and Athabasca. The maps call for special mention. As well as a reproduction of part of Arrowsmith's 1811 map of North America the end pocket contains eight modern maps showing the natural regions of the Northwest, the fur-trade posts and districts, routes, and the distribution of the Indian population.

Though the published sources used by the author are familiar, the good use made of manuscript material in the Hudson's Bay Company Archives brings a welcome freshness of anecdote and quotation to his compilation. Few errors were noted, and those of a minor nature. It was Henry, not Edward, Ellis who wintered at York in 1746-47, and he was not a servant of the Hudson's Bay Company as might be assumed from the reference to him here (p. 98); to use the term Beaver House for the London headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company in the 1780's is an anachronism (pp. 102-3). Professor Ross has observed the rules of his literary game with conspicuous fairness, but the disclaimer he makes at the beginning needs to be remembered throughout. This is a description of the Canadian Northwest based on published and unpublished sources of the pre-1811 period which are now available to scholars; no writer living at the time could have possessed more than a fraction of the knowledge displayed in this impressive book.

Dr Williams is Reader in History at Queen Mary College, University of London, and General Editor of the Hudson's Bay Record Society; he wrote for the special Autumn 1971 issue of The Beaver 'Highlights of the first 200 years of H B C History'.

S. S. BEAVER
The Ship that Saved the West

By Derek Pethick. Mitchell Press, Vancouver, 1970. 160 pp. illus. $9.75

Reviewed by W. Kaye Lamb

The claim made in Mr Pethick's sub-title is exaggerated but the *Beaver* undoubtedly helped the Hudson's Bay Company very materially in its successful effort to drive American trading vessels off the west coast. The first steamer on the North Pacific, she could navigate the intricate channels of the coast with an ease and certainty beyond the capacity of the rival sailing ships.

The *Beaver* arrived from England in 1836 and ended her days on the rocks below Prospect Point, at the entrance to Vancouver Harbour, in 1888. In this half century an astounding transformation took place in the area she served. In 1836 there were no white settlements in what is now British Columbia except a few Hudson's Bay trading posts. By 1888 the Canadian Pacific Railway had been completed and Vancouver, its western terminus, was an incorporated city and clearly a rising metropolis. The *Beaver* had played a part in many of the important events of the period. To mention only three, she had taken James Douglas and a working party to Vancouver Island in 1843 to found Fort Victoria, she had ferried miners and supplies between Victoria and the Fraser River during the gold rush, and in 1858 Douglas had again travelled on her when he went to Fort Langley to be sworn in as the first Governor of British Columbia.

By 1862 the Company had little further use for her and the British Admiralty chartered her and employed her for eight seasons as a survey ship. After a spell of idleness she was sold in 1874. Converted into a tug, she spent her last years towing log booms and sailing ships.

Her story is well known, but Mr Pethick has added much that will be new, even to steamship buffs. The illustrations comprise by far the best *Beaver* gallery yet assembled and include a remarkable series that documents the slow disintegration of the stout old ship during the four years she clung to the rocks before slipping off into deep water. A long chapter on 'Relics and Souvenirs' gives a fascinating account of the way in which the wreck was stripped while it remained above water and continued to be a source of interest even after it disappeared. As recently as 1960-64 Mr Fred Rogers, an experienced diver, made repeated descents and recovered portions of the machinery and many smaller items.

The book has been carefully researched; the notes show that many sources were consulted, including the Hudson's Bay Archives. A few articles as well as books might have been included to advantage in the bibliography, as some provide details not available elsewhere.

Surprisingly, Mr Pethick contends that the *Beaver* had no descendants.

But surely the succeeding steamers of the Hudson's Bay coastal fleet were descendants, and that fleet itself was in turn a direct ancestor of the Canadian Pacific's coast service and the *Princess* fleet of today.

Dr Lamb, former Dominion Archivist, is a noted British Columbia historian who has written several articles on S. S. Beaver.

ETHNOHISTORY IN SOUTHWESTERN ALASKA AND THE SOUTHERN YUKON

Edited by Margaret Lantis, 311 pages, illustrated, University Press of Kentucky, Lexington, $9.75

Reviewed by Chris Vickers

Readers of books by North American anthropologists face a difficulty; they have to find their way through a jungle of jargon. This volume is better than some I have read in recent months, but why 'single-family dwellings' on page 94 should suddenly become 'nuclear-family structures' on page 95 is difficult to understand. Our anthropologists seem to ignore Macaulay's advice: '. . . the first law of writing, that law to which all other laws are subordinate, is this: that the words employed should be such as to convey to the reader the meaning of the writer'.

The five contributors to this volume, all skilled anthropologists, have combined the 'use of history, ethnography and archaeology' in tracing the more than 200-year-old history of the Indians, Eskimos, and Aleuts since the arrival of Russian traders on the northwest coast of North America in the middle years of the 18th century. This approach is a sound and welcome one, even if it is not new. Twenty-five years ago William Duncan Strong of Columbia University was using the same approach in tracing the story of the village-living Indians of the Central and Northern Plains.

The study of these remote peoples of the islands, Alaska and Yukon reveals much. We discover how the natives changed slowly over the years under the influence of Russian, American and Canadian traders. However, some cultural traits persist even today. A form of potlatch was once the symbol of status among our northwestern Athapascans; the potlatch has disappeared to be replaced by wealth as the basis of status; the most successful fur trader or fisherman, the man who owns the greatest number of outboard motors, who can help the poor is the man of status, a chief by his own effort.

The paper on Indian Stories by Catharine McClellan of the University of Wisconsin has some interesting comment on the 'intrepid Robert Campbell of the Hudson's Bay Company'. Descendants of the men and women who traded with Campbell in the interior of the Yukon have a rich 'oral literature' about the man who discovered the upper Yukon River. It is evident he was highly respected as a fair trader and a man of courage, deserving Douglas MacKay's praise in *The Honourable Company* (page 251): 'With the Bible and a copy of Hervey's *Meditations* for spiritual nourishment, Robert Campbell maintained a continuity of endeavor probably unequalled in the north.'

The editor of this useful book is professor of Anthropology at the University of Kentucky. The other contributions are Robert E. Ackerman of Washington State University, James W. Van Stone of the Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, and Joan B. Townsend of the University of Manitoba. The second half of the volume by the editor is an excellent study of the Aleut social system from 1750 to 1810 based on historical documentation.

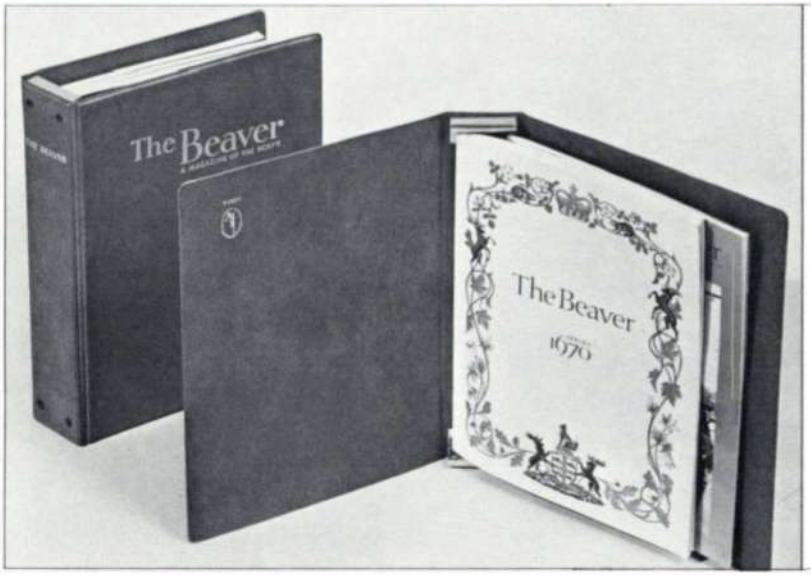
Retired newspaper editor, Mr Vickers maintains his interest in anthropology, archaeology, and western history.

RESERVATIONS ARE FOR INDIANS

By Heather Robertson. James Lewis and Samuel, Toronto, 1970. 303 pp. Paperback $3.75

Reviewed by William J. Fox

There are no simple truths about Canadian Indians. Everything that can be said, has been said; and where it has contained any truth at all it has usually been only partly true of some Indians at some time and wholly true of none. Comment on Indians is a dangerous game as Heather Robert-



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son demonstrates in *Reservations are for Indians*.

Miss Robertson's book is billed as a 'tough detailed study of what is really going on in Indian reserves in Canada'. Tough it may be, detailed it is to the point of tedium; the thing it isn't is a study of what is really going on. It describes isolated fragments which it portrays as the whole. It is a massive proof that disjointed observations of small segments are a poor foundation for conclusions.

The book is well written. Unfortunately, the author's talent is wasted. Instead of going deeply into the subject, she has simply written more and more fine prose about the same superficiality with which she started. More maddening yet, she has drawn conclusions which do not follow from the little she has observed.

Having visited a half dozen reserves in one part of Canada, Miss Robertson draws the same general conclusions which most uninformed Canadians have reached through watching television. All Indians are sullen, says Miss Robertson; they are drunks, they are social psychopaths (sociopaths, she says) and they deliberately frighten nice middle class university graduates who only want to help.

The Government, she says, wants to do away with Indian reserves because it has been overcome by the Indian's passive resistance. 'The Indians have won the war with the government simply by being unpleasant and unmanageable.' At the end of the book she proceeds to psychoanalyze the object of her examination, 'The Indians of Canada'. This would be a bold undertaking for anyone. Inasmuch as the evidence upon which the analysis is based omits eighty per cent. of the Indian people, hers is a Kafkaesque exercise in the absurd.

Too long protected by the federal government from the vicissitudes of life, the Indian cultures have turned inward and in some cases become examples of man's ability to compromise with a sub-standard level of life rather than attempt to overcome the handicaps imposed by the world around him. For the Indian the handicaps are great and in the past they were even greater. To suggest that people struggling with such problems are psychotic simply because they react with fear, is the conception of an over-cultivated mind.

The Indian people cannot escape from their past any more than any other people can. They operate in a cultural continuum which reacts slowly to new conditions, just as we all so. When the pace of change around them is fast, like all of us, they become confused. For some Indian people the problem is compounded for they have not yet been able to adjust to the end of the nomadic hunting world upon which their particular Indian cultures were based. For all, the adjustments are hard. The non-Indian world is only now beginning to recognize its responsibility to adjust too. Multicultural societies are difficult to achieve. Canada is better placed than most countries to make the effort. Miss Robertson does not help.

William J. Fox has a knowledge of Indian people that goes back many years. Now with the federal Department of Indian Affairs, he was involved in the 1969 consultation meetings and with the evolution of policy since then.

HUNTERS OF THE ARCTIC

By Roger Frison-Roche, photos by Pierre Tairraz. Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1969. 260 pages. $7.50.

In these days hunting the hunter has become almost as active a pursuit as that of the hunter after game. Writers, photographers, anthropologists, lecturers, physicians, seek to live with and find out how the man of the North lived and sustained himself before the advent of aircraft and motorized toboggans. It is almost too late.

This is what author Frison-Roche and his friend, photographer Pierre Tairraz, were after when they came to Canada in the winter of 1966 from France. They found what they were looking for among a group of Chipewyans at Great Slave Lake and with Eskimos at Igloolik, for in a few remote places old ways prevail. They achieved their object with the help of missionaries and traders for visitors do not travel easily in the North in winter, nor are they readily accepted (though treated politely) by the people they wish to study. This is the account of a two-week trip hunting caribou with a Chipewyan band travelling north from Snowdrift, and of an expedition with Eskimos across Fury and Hecla Strait, and sundry flights.

Such stories have been told before (and with greater understanding) and doubtless will be for a few more years, and they make interesting reading. Chief interest in this book lies in the impressions of a European: the wonder of survival, the wastefulness of the Indians both in unnecessary killing and extravagant cutting of precious trees, the Eskimos' indifference to a timetable. There is a tendency to dramatize and some misapprehensions as to the animals and the nature of the Arctic 'where the sea is always frozen over', where the cold destroys 'fleas and other parasites' (lice?), and that beneath the snow there actually is vegetation. The photographs by M. Tairraz, who filmed their travels, are excellent.

—*M.B.*

THERE IS MY PEOPLE SLEEPING

By Sarain Stump. Gray's Publishing, Sidney, B.C. 1970 illus. $9.50

Reviewed by Douglas Leechman

This is one of the most delightful surprises in Canadian book publishing to appear in 1970. It is written and illustrated by Marion Sarain Stump, a Shoshone Indian who is a ranch foreman in Alberta. His mother gave him the name Sock-a-jaw-wu, meaning 'the one who pulls the boat'—from land to water. He was born in Fremont County, Wyoming, in October, 1945, and went to residential schools off the reserve, where (as might be expected) 'he had some troubles'. He has had no formal art training, but remembers that an old man and a young lady both interested themselves in his work, for, even as an infant he drew things on the only paper available, old grocery bags.

This book, which bears the subtitle 'Ethnic Poem-Drawings of Sarain Stump', consists of a number of free-verse poems, illustrated by drawings which display superb draughtsmanship and an astonishing mastery of anatomy. He uses a variety of media, such as pencil and, more recently, a felt pen with which he produces some remarkable effects, bold and yet filled with mystery and emotion. Indeed, his whole approach to his native Indian culture is almost religious in its intensity.

In his first letter to his publisher, Gray Campbell of Gray's Publishing Ltd, he tells of his background and the influence various other painters have had on him, which is surprisingly little in fact. Picasso he likes and various Indian artists, especially George Clutesi.

Decorative designs can be found in most unlikely places by those who have eyes to see. This glowing pattern is a solarized photo by Raymond W. Kreft of bedsprings dumped in a wrecking yard.

The book itself is beautifully done. It was designed, printed and bound by Victor E. Morriss of the Morriss Printing Company. Mr Morriss is well known as an outstanding figure in the world of printing and has won high praise on numerous occasions. Here he has given us a book clearly worthy of the outstanding artist whose work it so beautifully displays.

Dr Leechman, now retired, former anthropologist at the National Museum, has written many papers and books on the Indians of Canada.

GREAT LAKES INDIANS
A Pictorial Guide

By William J. Kubiak. G. R. Welch Company, Limited, Toronto, 1970. 255 pp, illus. $16.25.

Reviewed by E. S. Rogers

Mr Kubiak has chosen a most difficult topic, the history of the Indians living in the vicinity of the Great Lakes. To accomplish this task, he has employed numerous drawings, maps and limited text. The book examines the origins of the Indians, their languages, their dwellings and the 'tribes' belonging to the Algonkian, Iroquoian and Siouan linguistic families. There is a bibliography and index.

The *Great Lakes Indians* cannot be considered an ethnography, nor a reference from which can be extracted detailed information. Rather, it is an extremely generalized account of Indian history, tribal movements and conflicts, organized in an encyclopedic fashion.

The text is illustrated by Mr Kubiak himself. Knowing the limitations imposed by the paucity of data with which he had to work one cannot be too critical of his accomplishments. One does wonder, however, how he reconstructed the dress worn by the Marameg (p. 84) when he states '... little European contact was made with them' (p. 83). Furthermore, would it not have been possible in a work of this magnitude to have cited reference to the information on which the drawings were based? Nevertheless, the drawings in this book are superior to most of those that illustrate the past life of the Indians.

Unfortunately, the text is marred by certain inaccuracies: dome-shaped lodges, contrary to the text, could shelter more than four persons (p. 26), partitions certainly existed in some longhouses (p. 27), and Chipewyan is not synonymous with Chippewa (p. 46). The locations and migrations of the Mississauga are distorted (p. 117, 119), the settling of the Potawatomi on Walpole Island is only a segment of the total movement of the Potawatomi into Ontario (p. 147) and the history of the Huron dispersal is not clear (p. 175). His reference to the Cayuga moving to Canada after the American Revolution although correct should also have included the other Iroquois tribes (p. 187). His use of the word 'tribe' is in many instances inappropriate for the type of political organization current among many of the Indians described.

There are some impressions left in the introduction about Indians that are unfortunate: the discussion regarding Chinese contacts with the New World (p. 14, 16), the suggestion of Norsemen reaching the Great Lakes area (p. 16) and the idea that the Mandans were descendants of the Welsh (pp. 16, 18-19, 21).

The use of certain terms and phrases in reference to Indians seem inappropriate, such as 'brave' (p. 67, 78, 128), 'squaw' (p. 180), that the Mascouten and Kickapoo 'had a reputation for treachery and deceit' (p. 89), 'the superstitious minds of the Iroquois' (p. 187) and that the Tutelo 'were inclined to be warlike in nature' (pp. 234).

One other point must be mentioned. If only the bibliography had been headed 'Selected Bibliography' one would have no reason to comment. As it is many sources have been omitted although no doubt Mr Kubiak is fully aware of them. The works of William Fenton, Harold Hickerson, A. E. Jenks, Ruth Landes, Lewis H. Morgan and Kenneth Kidd to cite but a few, should have been included.

The above remarks may sound harsh and it is all too easy to be overly critical of a popular work of this nature. Although it has many weaknesses, it is one of the better popular works on Indians in spite of the formidable price.

Dr Rogers is curator of the Department of Ethnology at the Royal Ontario Museum, University of Toronto.

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GAME IN THE KITCHEN

By Barbara Flood. Barre Publishers, Barre, Mass. 1969. 234 pages. U.S. $7.50.

Anyone fortunate enough to catch or receive gifts of game will greatly appreciate this book. It is not for the sportsman who flips his fish from lake to frying pan, so to speak, but for those who will prepare the dishes at home, with the means at hand for seasoning, sauces, blending, in the preparation of gourmet creations.

Mrs Flood begins, practically, with advice on how to treat the birds, fish, or animals (or parts thereof) when they arrive in the kitchen, a prospect that sometimes causes the uninformed cook to reject a proffered gift of game. From there on, she plunges into a collection of delectable recipes. While most of them deal with the more conventional game, there are instructions for cooking beaver and muskrat (which Mrs Flood says is very good eating), roasting crows, and braising seal flippers. Recipes for fish dishes, sauces, soups, and salads need not be restricted to game but provide tasty suggestions for anyone who appreciates good food. —*M.B.*

BORROWING ON THE SEAL

In the Spring 1971 issue there may have been some confusion about loans to the Hudson's Bay Company in the article 'The Years of No Dividend'. The security of the seal meant, as explained by Professor Davies, that in return for a loan the Company gave a formal instrument, known as a bond, to which the seal was affixed. This instrument was cancelled (destroyed) on repayment. It was the common way of borrowing in the 17th century. If the loan was not repaid in due time, the bondholder could 'put the bond in suit' that is, start an action in court. For this purpose the Company seal, not the Great Seal on the charter, was used, the matrix remaining in the Company's possession. The Company's right to the seal 'to serve for all the causes and busnesses of them' was granted in the 1670 charter.

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LETTER TO RICHARD NORTON, PRINCE OF WALES'S FORT, FROM THE GOVERNOR AND COMMITTEE, LONDON, MAY 1, 1740

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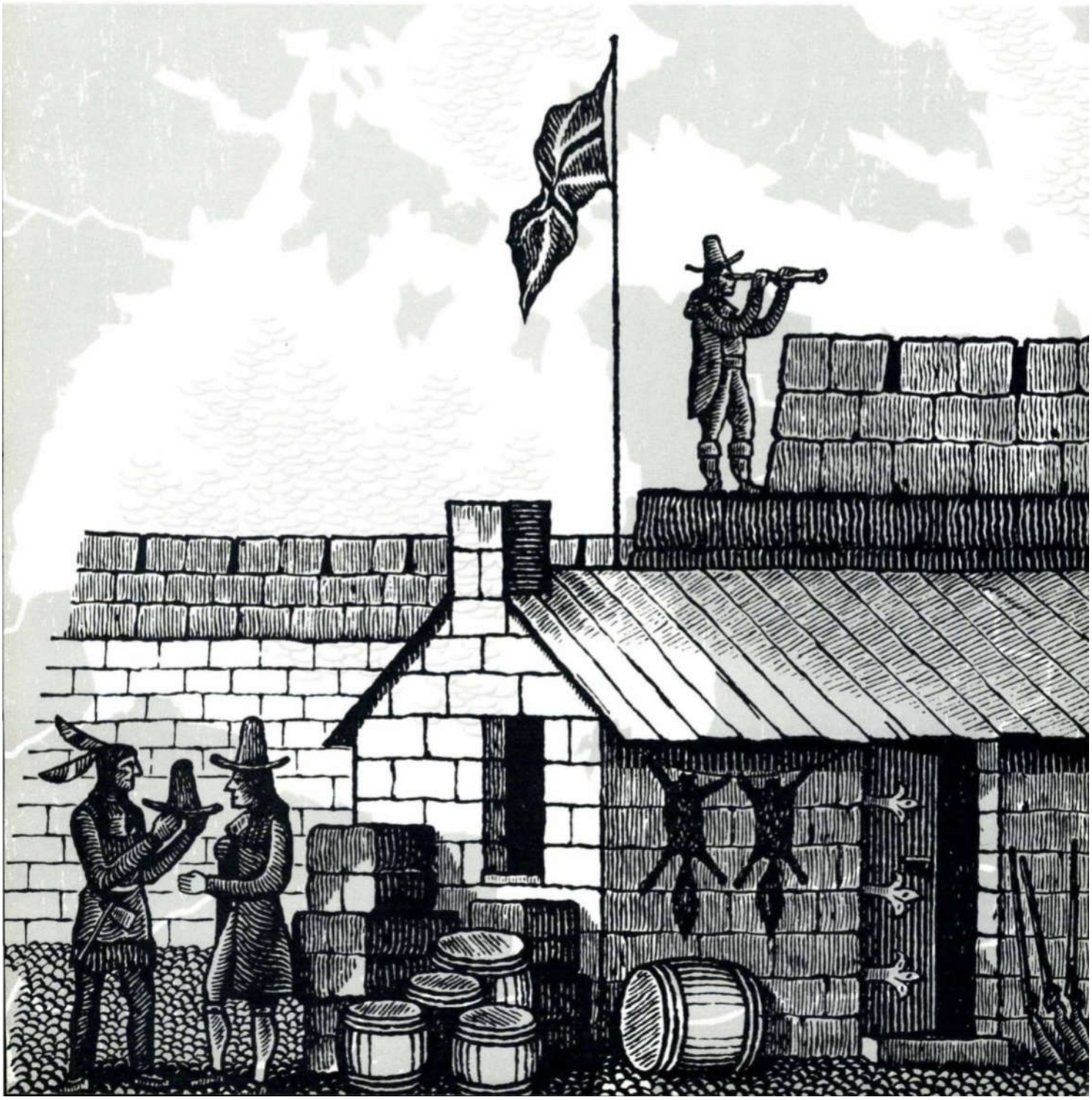

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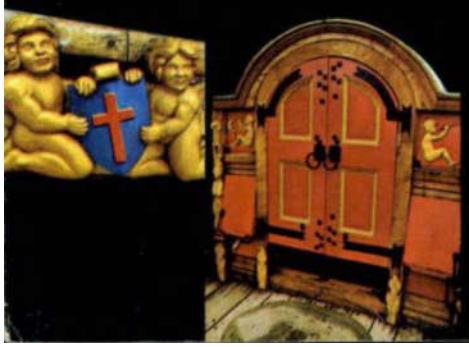

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